JUKE

· AUSTRALIA'S · MUSIC · WEEKLY ·

Registered by Australia Post publication No VBP0349

MAY 14, 1988 No.681 $1.90

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY

signs big name across America

PLUS:
- A-Ha
- Manikins
- David Lee Roth
- Bomb The Bass
- Rockmelons LP previewed

JUKE/ YAMAHA ROCK:
your band can win a trip to Hong Kong and Japan !

HARD-ONS: CUT THE CHEESE

BOOK NOW AT VENUES AND BASS OUTLETS – GENEROUS PARTY AND SCHOOL CONCESSIONS

RWA Rage Without Alcohol

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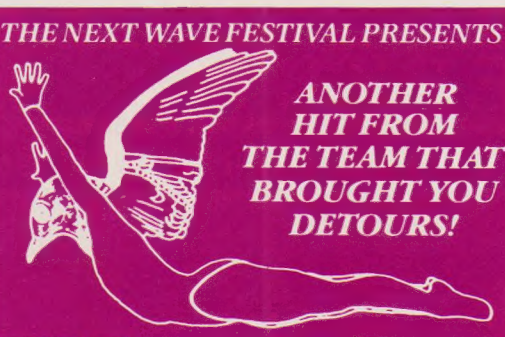
Rock to the Big Boogie
Beat in the City Square
May 13 from 10.30 am!

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL

MAY 13-28

50 SHOWS,
500 PERFORMERS. 5000 ARTISTS
For the Young at 'Art!

THE NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL PRESENTS



ANOTHER HIT FROM THE TEAM THAT BROUGHT YOU DETOURS!

MOONLIGHT STAMPEDE!

A MIND BOGGLING CAST OF OVER 150!

Directed by Jonathan and Ariette Taylor.
Music by Peter Crosbie.

Dancers, Tappers, Gymnasts, Skateboarders, Ballroom Dancers, Singers and Martial Artists, in a Surrealistic Steeplechase into the Night!

MELBOURNE TOWN HALL MAY 13-21
NINE PERFORMANCES ONLY!
BOOK NOW! 650 1977 OR BASS

THE RAINBOW WARRIOR

a bold and thoughtful look at some of the most vital issues we confront today with original music and design
at Arena Theatre, 27a Cromwell Rd, South Yarra.
May 13-28 Bookings: 240 1937 or BASS.

OUT THEATRE PRESENTS

A safe sex Cabarette UNNATURAL ACTS?

at the Universal Theatre, 19 Victoria Street, Fitzroy

Everything you have ever wanted to know about condoms but were too afraid to ask! Out Theatre's outrageous show of sketches and songs provides the most entertaining lesson you could imagine about safe sexual liaisons of all kinds - without moralising. PREVIEW: May 11-12 at 7.30pm. SEASON: May 13-15, 17-12, 24-29 at 7.30pm, May 29, 31, June 1-5, 7-12 at 8.15pm. May 20-21, 27-28, June 3-4, 10-11 at 10.30pm.

$13.00, $7.00 CONCESSION, $6.00 PREVIEW

BOOKINGS: 419 3777 or BASS

If you have a sexuality, come.

THIS PROJECT IS ASSISTED BY THE HEALTH PROMOTION FOUNDATION

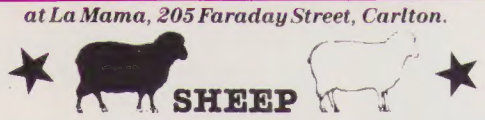
St Martins Youth Arts Centre presents

DREAMERS OF THE DAY

at St Martins Theatre 2, St Martins Lane, South Yarra.
"a haunting new work about the death of childhood"
May 11-29 Bookings: 267 2551 or BASS.

LA MAMA

at La Mama, 205 Faraday Street, Carlton.



SHEEP

Something is rotten, when mateship only stretches so far.
May 12 at 8.00pm (Preview). May 13-15, 17-22, 24-29 at 8.00pm. School Performances May 18, 25 at 1.30pm. **$6.00, $4.00, School groups $2.50, Preview $3.00.** Bookings: Readings, Carlton 347 6142

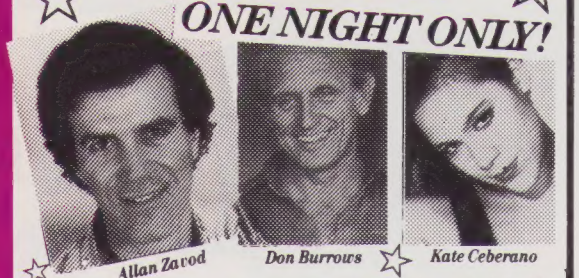
RESTORING THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

A challenge to the predominant stylish values of the '80s.
May 12 at 9.30pm (Preview). May 13-15, 17-22, 24-29 at 9.30pm. School Performances May 19, 24, 26-27 at 1.30pm. **$6.00, $4.00, School Groups $2.50, Preview $3.00.** Bookings: Readings, Carlton 347 6142

Next Wave and The Melbourne Youth Music Council present

BIG HOT JAZZ

ONE NIGHT ONLY!



Allan Zavod *Don Burrows* *Kate Ceberano*

Three greats of the music world team up with the big sound of a sixty-five piece youth band for a night of nights in Melbourne's top concert venue.

And what a combination! Don Burrows, Australia's legendary jazz man; Allan Zavod, renowned pianist and composer and Kate Ceberano, the hottest young voice of the eighties.

- Back it up with the big sound of the Melbourne Youth Symphonic Band conducted by Russell Hammond and
- you've got a night not to be missed!

Presented by arrangement with MAM Musik Enterprises

Tuesday May 24, 8pm
MELBOURNE CONCERT HALL
Only $16.00, $11.00 Concession. Book at Bass now

PLAYBOX & NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL PRESENT

A ROCK N' ROLL STORY

Riffs

THE RE-MIX

featuring the band DISCIPLINE

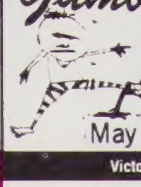
TWO WEEKS ONLY
Union Theatre,
Melbourne University. May 13-28
Mon to Fri 8pm, Sat 5 & 8.15pm
1pm Matinees–May 16, 18, 23, 25
BOOK 650 4888 or BASS
by Jan McDonald, Phil Sumner, Greg Sneddon; Director- Jan McDonald; Designer-Richard Jeziorny; Musical Director- Richard Zatorski

Playbox WANG Principal Sponsor

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL

Splinters presents

Gumboot Full Of Blood



at The Guild Theatre, Union Buildin Melbourne University,
May 19 **Preview $1.00.**
May 19 -28 Bookings: 650 1977

Past modern, environmental & esoteric!

Victorian College of the Arts, School of Dance presents

IN TOUCH

at the School of Dance Studio, Victorian College of the Arts, 234 St Kilda Rd, City.
May 23-28 at 8.00pm. Bookings: 650 1977 or BASS.

"the future of Australian contemporary dance"

ON THE RUN

at ZuZu's 186 Exhibition St, City.
A hip-hop musical of young people on the loose in Melbourne.
May 16-17, 19 at 8.00pm. Bookings: 650 1977 or BASS.

WORDS IN SPACE

at La Mama 205 Faraday Street, Carlton
Poetry and prose by young writers
May 16 at 7.00pm. **$6.00, $3.00.** Bookings: Readings Carlton 347 6142.

Direct from Adelaide Festival
*"***** this is a major Festival event."*

HANDSPAN THEATRE
PRESENTS

FOUR LITTLE GIRLS BY PABLO PICASSO

Directed By Ariette Taylor; Designed By Ken Evans
Music By Peter Crosbie; Lighting By Philip Lethlean

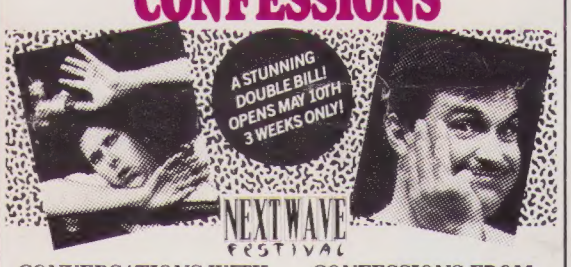
ST MARTINS THEATRE
May 16-29. Tue-Frid, 8.30 pm; Sat & Sun, 5 and 8.30 pm

Bookings : 650 1977 and Bass
Recommended for Mature Audiences

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL

ELSTON, HOCKING AND WOODS PRESENT

CONVERSATIONS AND CONFESSIONS



CONVERSATIONS WITH A CUPBOARD MAN

by Ian McEwan
performed by Simon Hughes.
Directed by Glenn Elston.
The dramatic story of a young man kept at home by his mother to relive his childhood over and over for 18 years.
The cupboard man tells his story of survival and the bizarre characters he encountered – gripping, entertaining, curious!

CONFESSIONS FROM THE MALE

by Murray Oliver
performed by Roger Selleck.
Originally directed by Phil Thomson.
Confessions will have you rolling in the aisle one minute and spellbound the next.
Confessions promotes the fact that all people are equal but most men have to be reminded. Very funny ... a great show for students and adults alike.

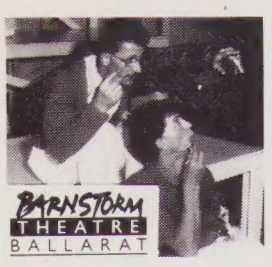
ATHENAEUM THEATRE TWO
TUESDAY to SATURDAY 8.30pm SCHOOL PERFORMANCES
SATURDAY & SUNDAY 6.00pm MONDAY & FRIDAY 1.00pm
MAY 10th-29th
BOOK NOW or PHONE 650 1977

West Theatre Company presents

DEAD SET straight

By Andrea Lemon.
Directed by Neil Greenaway.
At the Incinerator Theatre, 180 Holmes Road, Moonee Ponds.
May 13-28
Bookings: 650 1977 or BASS.

SUNRISE SUNSET



A PLAY FOR YOUNG & OLD
By
CHRIS DICKENS

A compassionate and deeply moving play about the elderly.

"Wit and passion – a charming evening"
New Theatre Australia

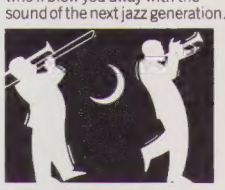
MELBOURNE
May 14-29 Athenaeum Theatre Two
Enquiries Next Wave Hotline (03) 417 4475
Bookings (03) 650 1977 or BASS

BALLARAT
June 1-4
Enquiries Barnstorm Theatre (053) 378537
Bookings Ballarat Promotions (053) 31 7311

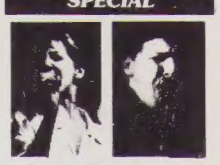
NEXT WAVE JAZZ

Melbourne is swinging to the sound of jazz! And Next Wave features the best young talents in town, playing alongside established jazz luminaries in Melbourne's top jazz venues.

A special Next Wave highlight is the formation of the *Young Australian Jazz Ambassadors* – six of Australia's finest young players, one from each state, who'll blow you away with the sound of the next jazz generation.



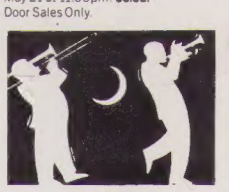
NEXT WAVE BLUES SPECIAL



At Barley's Blues Lounge, John Barleycorn Hotel, 177 Johnston St, Collingwood
With Trouser Snakes, Just Blues, Mojo Blues Band and Blues on the Boil.
May 14 at 8.00pm. **$9.00, $7.00.**
Door Sales Only.

NEXT WAVE JAZZ AFTER DARK

At the Studio Foyer, Victorian Arts Centre, St Kilda Rd, City.
Featuring Swing City and the Young Australian Jazz Ambassadors.
May 21 at 11.00pm. **$6.00.**
Door Sales Only.



WEEK ONE – At the Tankerville Arms, 230 Nicholson St, Fitzroy.

MAINSTREAM NIGHT
With Di Emery's Satin Groove, Allan Browne's Que Passe and Kluke-a-moy.
May 17 at 8.00pm. **$8.00, $6.00.**
Door Sales Only.

BEBOP AND BEFORE
Featuring Swing City, Allan Leake's Groove Juice Special and the Young Australian Jazz Ambassadors.
May 18 at 8.00pm. **$8.00, $6.00.**
Door Sales Only.

NIGHT OF MODAL DESIRE
With Jump Monk, Neo Penguin and Musikki Oy.
May 19 at 8.00pm. **$8.00, $6.00.**
Door Sales Only.

WEEK TWO – At the Limerick Arms, Cnr. Park & Clarendon Sts, South Melbourne.

JAZZ GOES TO COLLEGE
Featuring students from the Victorian College of the Arts, Melbourne Conservatorium and Melbourne CAE.
May 24 at 8.00pm. **$8.00, $6.00.**
Door Sales Only.

CONTEMPORARY NIGHT
Featuring Ten Apples on Top, Judy Jacques Vocal Ensemble, and Brian Brown's "Lookout".
May 25 at 8.00pm. **$8.00, $6.00.**
Door Sales Only.

HAPPY GROOVE
Featuring Mistaken Identity, Latin Jazz Ensemble and the Young Australian Jazz Ambassadors.
May 26 at 8.00pm. **$8.00, $6.00.**
Door Sales Only.

Plus concepts Inc at the Arts Centre, Romeo & Juliet (the greatest teenage love story of them all), The Australian Opera presents Lake Lost (choreographed by Helen Simondson). Entertainment every weekday lunchtime at the City Square stage. The Youth International Folk Dance Concert May 22 at Collingwood Town Hall and 16 exciting exhibitions feature in Melbourne galleries both big and small!

BIG NAMES ROLL OVER

• Crowded House: LP & tour

• Euros: in the live groove (Pic by Tony Mott)

Crowded House, Eurogliders and Angels are among the Oz bands working on improving their recent low profiles, with new LPs and tours.

Crowded House, who have spent the last six months cutting a new LP in Melbourne and LA, will soon be back in the Oz spotlight, with live dates kicking off in late May and the LP release scheduled for early July.

The follow-up album to the band's mega-successful self-titled debut of last year, is called *Temple Of The Low Men* and is locked-in for worldwide release on July 4.

It is produced by Mitchell Froom, who was responsible for the first Crowded House LP. The first single lifted from the new LP is "Better Be Home Soon", which should be out later this month.

Crowded House's live dates will kick-off in Melbourne on May 27 and 28, where the band will be playing the last shows at The Venue in Melbourne, which has been shut down by the council and will probably be demolished to make way for a high-rise.

Dates confirmed for the Crowded House tour are:

May 27/28 — The Venue, Melbourne
May 30 — The Superdrome, Perth
June 1 — Thebarton Town Hall, Adelaide
June 3 — Selinas, Sydney
June 4 — Brisbane Expo
June 5 — Quay 1, Newcastle

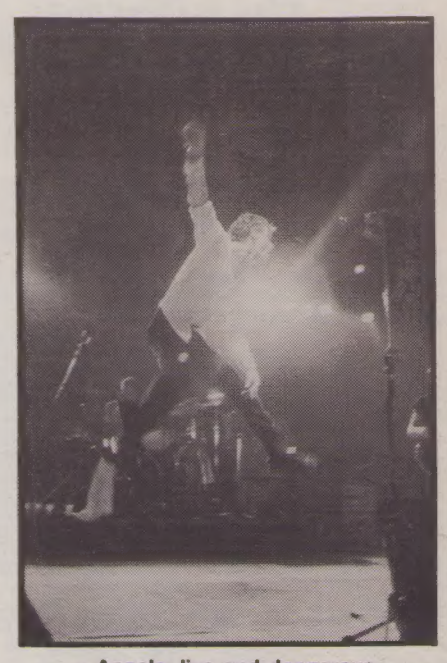
★ ★ ★

Eurogliders have kicked-off a national tour to support the release of their new *Groove* LP, which is currently sitting just outside the *Juke* Top 25, whilst the single "Groove" has gone Top 10.

The second single, "It Must Be Love", is expected out next week.

Some forthcoming dates for the Eurogliders tour are listed below, but for full details watch *Juke's* Gig Guide.

May 11 — Canberra Labour Club
May 12 — Sydney Cove Tavern
May 13 — Tiffany's, Blacktown
May 14 — Shellharbour Workers Club



• Angels: live and dangerous

May 15 — Penrith Leagues Club
May 17 — Bendigo CAE
May 18 — The Wool Exchange, Geelong
May 20 — The Palace, Melbourne

★ ★ ★

The Angels will be playing dates in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide in June.

The three-hour-long concerts are part of the *Liveline* tour, which is aiming to re-

• Scattered Order: left & comfy

create various stages of the band's 12-year career, via lighting, costume and set changes.

Dates for the Angels shows are:

June 9, 10 — Enmore Theatre, Sydney
June 16, 17 — Palais Theatre, Melbourne
June 24 — Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide

★ ★ ★

Sydney-based left-of-centre art band Scattered Order will be playing an east-coast tour during June to support the release of a new LP called *Comfort* (through Volition Records).

The LP is scheduled for release later this month and features eight new tracks recorded in Sydney with producer Tim Whitten and comes complete with a second record boasting recordings compiled from previous LPs, dating back to 1981.

The *Comfort* LP has been described as the band's most accessible record to date, and includes their current single "King Of Blip".

The Scattered Order tour kicks-off on June 3 in Sydney and will take the band through Melbourne, Canberra and Brisbane, with a "few stops in between".

Watch the gig-guide for dates.

Pulse

TWO ROCK VETERANS DIE

Two American rock veterans have died in the past few weeks.

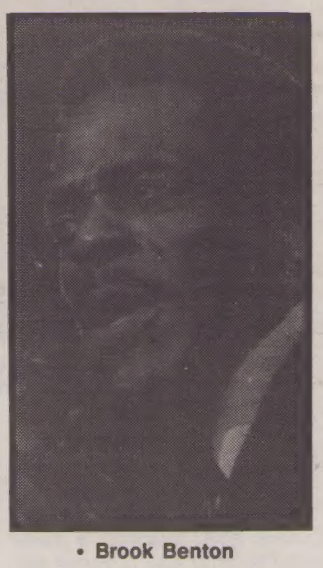
Dave Prater of the legendary soul duo Sam & Dave was killed in a car crash near Sycamore, Georgia, when his car skidded into a tree. He died instantly.

• Dave Prater

His passenger, a Charmaine Marks, is in hospital with serious injuries.

Prater and Sam Moore had some classic hits in the '60s including "Hold On I'm Coming" and "Soul Man". In 1981, they broke up . . . and Dave teamed up with another Sam — Sam Daniels — and continued to work the circuit doing Sam & Dave songs.

Last year he was arrested in his home town of New Jersey for selling a phial of crack to an undercover cop and fined $25,000.



• Brook Benton

Brook Benton, the smoky voiced balladeer of hits like "Fools Rush In" and "Kiddio" died of pneumonia in New York, aged 56.

He's best remembered for his definitive version of "Rainy Nights in Georgia" in the early '70s and million-selling duets with Dinah Washington "Baby (You've Got What It Takes)" and "Rockin' Good Way" which was a hit for Bonnie Tyler and Shakin' Stevens recently.

JUDAS PRIEST GUILTY?

A Nevada judge has ruled that proceedings against British HM band Judas Priest — brought by the families of two youths involved in a suicide pact after hearing the band's *Stained Class* LP — can go ahead.

The two teenagers, James Vance and Ray Belknap, listened to the LP before Belknap shot and killed himself, and Vance severely injured himself in an attempt.

Lawyers for the band tried to argue that there was no case as there was "no established relationship" between the boys and Priest.

But the judge ruled there was, as Priest had played in Nevada.

There will now be another hearing to decide whether or not to proceed to trial on the actual merits of the families' arguments that the Priest LP was the cause of the incident.

MEGADETH IN JULY

America's Megadeth, who have been described by critics as the best of the new breed of Speed-Metal exponents, will tour Australia in July.

Combining the power of HM with the pace of hardcore, Megadeth have developed a huge underground following here and are at the forefront of their style in the US, UK and Europe.

The band has released three albums: *Killing Is My Business . . . And Business Is Good, Peace Sells . . . But Who's Buying* and the latest, *So Far So Good . . . So What?*

In March '87 a *Juke* story summed-up the Megadeth sound, saying: "the band pull off the nigh-on impossible combination of ear-opening musicianship and funky kicks, cramming four-part symphonies of grunge into four minutes, whilst detonating splatterbombs of stuttering guitar . . . Megadeth shit all over the shredded corpse of what their countrymen laughably call 'Hard Rock' ".

Megadeth dates so far announced, are:

Saturday, July 23 — Brisbane Festival Hall

Sunday, July 24 — Sydney Entertainment Centre

Monday, July 25 — Melbourne Festival Hall

• Megadeth: the world's best Speed Metal band?

Wednesday, July 27 — Apollo Theatre, Adelaide

Watch 'On Tour' for more dates as they come to hand.

A-HA CONFIRMED

A-Ha will definitely visit Australia as part of a world tour, which has just kicked-off in Britain.

This was confirmed by the band's Mags in an interview with *Juke's* London correspondent Sasha Stojanovic which appears on page 12 in this week's issue.

A-Ha have just released a new single called "Stay On These Roads", through WEA.

INXS ON SUPER BILL

INXS have been added to the bill of a ten hour spectacular at New York's Madison Square Gardens on May 14 — to celebrate the 40th anniversary of Atlantic Records.

The Sydney band joins one of the most prestigious bills since Live Aid — Crosby Stills & Nash, Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Pete Townshend, Roger Daltrey, Phil Collins, Genesis, Yes, Foreigner, Robert Plant, Iron Butterfly, Ben E King, Dr John, Herbie Mann, Nu Shooz, The Coasters, Manhatten Transfer, the Bee Gees, Debbie Gibson, the Rascals, Vanilla Fudge, Spinners, Stacey Q, etc.

Already rumours around New York are that two super-bands who earned a lot of money for Atlantic will reform . . . Led Zeppelin and Cream.

The 10-hour event will feature tributes to the late Otis Redding (who had the original hit with "Dock Of The Bay") and Bobby Darin (who had the original hit in the early '60s with "If I Were A Carpenter").

The tickets for the event range from $50 to $1,000 with all proceeds going to charity. In America, four hours will be televised, but at this stage it's not known if Australia will get these rights.

BARBED WIRES

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER

New Order are getting back into business. There's a great deal of excitement about **Quincy Jones'** stunning remix of "Blue Monday" which features a different bassline, additional percussion and sampled overdubs. New Order have just finished a video where they're seen amidst a feast of apples, carrots, goldfish, flying tennis balls, dolls, chairs and even hunting dogs kicking footballs around.

Later this week the band go into the studios to start work on their next LP.

Bernard Albrecht says that he'll start recording his solo LP after that. He is reportedly very pleased with the songs he's written for that project with **Johnny Marr**.

• **AC/DC** nearing double platinum with Aussie sales of *Blow Up Your Video*.

• On the weekend, Melbourne got shaken up when various bands from Sydney's Black Eye Records came down on a package visit. Yep, on the same bill were **Thug**, **Lubricated Goat**, **The Boilers**, **The Slub** and **Butchered Babies**.

• **Style Council** selling off their London studio. They bought it from their record company five years ago.

• The No. 1 LP in Germany is *Dirty Dancing*. The No. 2 is *More Dirty Dancing*.

Meantime in New York, a *Dirty Dancing* touring package sets off in June to visit 100 US venues. The show's choreographed by **Kenny Otega** who did the same for the movie, and names on the tour include **Bill Medley**, **Eric Carmen**, **Merry Claytons and** lotssa lotssa dancers.

• Some negative gig reviews of **Sting's** US tour has led to temper tantrums by the great man himself. After one critic called him "pompous and pretentious", Sting challenged him to come up on-stage and entertain a giant auditorium for more than ten minutes and dashed off angry letters to newspapers declaring "mistreatment" by the press.

• **Whitney Houston** makes US chart history by topping the singles charts there for the seventh time in a row, beating the old record of six consecutive Number Ones set by **The Beatles** in 1966 and equalled by the **Bee Gees** in 1979.

In America alone, **Whitney** is about to celebrate its first year in the charts and has sold more than 5.5 million. The earlier **Whitney Houston** sold more than eight million.

• On their first visit over to America, the three members of **Bros** who were flying First Class decided to go and visit some friends in Economy.

Unfortunately, autograph-hunters tend to be in Economy and the three were instantly mobbed, causing such a chaos blocking the aisles etc., that the stewardess sternly ordered them back to First Class.

• The official story is that a recent international visitor blew out concerts because of throat problems. The whisper is that the machine that reproduced the star's voice onstage had gone on the blink.

• **So sad: Mal** from **Cabaret Voltaire** failed his latest attempt to get a car driver's license. Something to do with charging through a shopping centre at 97 mph.

• **Austen Tayshus** says his next LP's going to be called *Whispering Joke*.

• Latest Adelaide band to try its luck in the Eastern States is **The Baptists** which tours through May. The band then returns to the home town to launch its debut single, out independently.

• While he winds up writing the script and score for a musical on the life of writer **Jules Verne** (*Around The World In 80 Days*, etc.), **Kinks' Ray Davies** is talking to **Jimi Hendrix's** former bassist **Noel Redding** about the possibility of doing a musical on **Hendrix**.

There's also been a play running in London over the last few weeks called *The Lizard King*, on the last (hypothetical) 36 hours of **Doors' Jim Morrison**.

The first person to win a prize on Canberra's new FM station KIX 106 was Tony Bevan of Latham who won a CD player and 106 compact discs for predicting the station's first played record would be INXS' "Kick".

With him are statio program director Wayne Mac and breakfast host Frank Fursey.

• Hot tip is that **Michael Jackson** will be a last minute addition to the bigger-than-big **Nelson Mandela** bash in London in Mid-June.

Jackson will be in Britain at the time: already playing a record breaking seven shows at the London Wembley Arena, the rest of the UK tour was quickly sold out. The final date of the tour at a racecourse, will see him playing to a crowd of 125,000.

• **Big Audio Dynamite's** next LP *Dread Astaire* will feature a cover drawn by ex-**Clash** bassist **Paul Simeneon**.

• **Smiths** farewell live LP *Live At The National* set for overseas release in mid-July.

• **Was Not Was** who're accredited journalists in the US are currently putting music on the sidelines briefly while the cover the American presidential campaign.

• Next **Angels** tour, in June to take in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, will be a restrospective taking in the band's entire career, taking the punter from the early days (change of sets, change of clothes, change of wigs) to the current.

• The cover for Melbourne HM outfit **Nothing Sacred's** upcoming LP *Let Us Pray* was designed by **Joe Petagno**, the man responsible for all of **Motorhead's** cover art.

• Memo to all Western Australian acts. The WA radio show *Radio Homegrown* is looking for new talent. Follow in the footsteps of **Lick The Lizard** and **The Cutlery** and get your chance on radio. Send all songs, song credits and bio details to "Radio Homegrown", University of WA, 6UVS-FM, Stirling Highway, Nedlands, 6009.

• Problems for **Kool & The Gang**. Singer **James "J.T." Taylor** has decided to go for a solo career . . . and doncha believe any stories it was amicable.

According to one Kool & The Ganger, kicking with both feet, JT left because his ego had got out of control. "His head couldn't fit through the door in the end." So what now for the band?

"Unfortunately, that might mean the end of the band completely."

• Fun and games continue in the **James Brown** household. Just a week after JB was charged with attempted murder after allegedly taking five shots at his wife, **Ms Adrienne Brown** was arrested at a Georgia airport for carrying the drug PCP (angel dust). Ms Brown told the cops she suspected she'd been framed to "pay her back" for taking action against JB.

The Browns' domestic problem started when JB told her she couldn't accompany the band to a South America tour. A fierce argument errupted, JB allegedly whacked the Missus with an iron pipe. The Missus scampered out of the house. Later, too scared to return to the house, she crept into the car to sleep . . . when JB allegedly discovered her and fired three bullets into the car.

• Tsk, tsk, after a hard night's drinking outside London's Apocalypse Club, former **Jesus & Mary Chain** member **John Foster Moore** (now in a band called **Expressway**) started to slag off **Jim Reid**.

This was overheard by **Rob Guthrie** of the **Cocteau Twins**, who ticked off Morre, saying he'd be lounging in obscurity if not for Reid, and told him to shove it. Moore called Rob "a fat slug" and the two traded punches, rolling around in the gutter until the cops turned up and booked them.

Apparently the cops turned up so quickly because they were on a drug stake-out outside the club, and the two oiks fighting was ruining the set-up! Just for good measure, they also arrested a rock journo who was hovering eagerly around the fighters hoping for an exclusive comment.

• Remember the *Rock Against The Rich* tour that **Joe Strummer** was to undertake through England, to raise money against all these landlords who buy up clubs and then close down live acts?

Cheap Trick auditioning a new singer called Phyllis Diller in Sydney (pic by Tony Mott)

After all his beefing, Strummer's announced he's had to postpone it by a month- . . . because he wants to star in a movie first! The other socialist-inclined bands who donated their services on the tour are far from impressed.

• At two **George Michael** dates in Hawaii, both **Elton John** and **Andy Ridgeley** flew over to hang out with him. On the second night, Elton joined George for a rendition of "Candle In The Wind". Other famous faces at the show include **Brian Wilson** of the **Beach Boys** and **Neil Young**.

Speaking of Wilson, his long time psychiatrist is to go to court, faced with charges of illegally using his position as Wilson's headshrink to also become his business manager and get part credit for some of his songs.

• Secretary turned superstar, Irongater **Ollie North's** girl friday **Fawn Hall** (she now hosts her own afternoon show in LA for a month) decided to use her new found importance to get to meet **Bruce Springsteen**. She sent a message saying she wanted to come backstage after one of his LA shows to meet him.

Back came the reply from **The Boss**: "I didn't think much of Ollie North, so why would I want to meet his secretary?"

• **Ollie Olsen** (no relation to Ollie North) of techno-thrash band **No** has written the soundtrack for a new one-man performance called *Restoring The Picture Of Dorian Gray* which runs at LA Mama (Melbourne) through this month. The play was written by **Sam Sejavka (Beargarden, Index)**.

• A 17-year old Perth kid who decided to have a party while his parents flew off to Britain for two weeks . . . ended up with a wild night. More than 100 people turned up, a brawl broke out, cops were alerted by neighbours . . . finally 11 police cars and a riot van had to be called in, 16 youths arrested and one taken to hospital with minor head injuries.

• **Don Johnson** and **Ringo Starr** aren't talking . . . since Ringo bowed out at the last minute from the TV series *Flip Side* which Donny was going to be producer of. Johnson maintains he'll find another rock star and carry on.

But why did Starr drop out? The poop is that ever since Johnson and **Barbra Streisand** started dating, she's been interfering in his business decisions, and that pissed Ringo off.

• **Frank Zappa** hasn't lost any of his wit, as his answers at a recent press conference showed.

Someone asked him if it was true that he once ate shit on stage.

Zappa: "No, that isn't true but I will give you the stock answer I've given for the last 20 years: the nearest I've ever come to eating shit was at a Holiday Inn."

Someone else made mention of one of Frank's hot new numbers "Jesus Thinks You're A Jerk" as a direct assault on TV evangelist and Republican presidential candidate **Pat Robertson**. Is Zappa hoping he'll sue?

"Jesus or Pat?"

Yuk, yuk.

• With the release of Melbourne's **Sunset Strip's** self titled LP comes the news that organist **Ian Hill** has left the band.

• Ouch! One LA newspaper described **David Coverdale** onstage with **Whitesnake** as "a 50-year old dressed as a Christmas tree."

• **Robert Plant** playing at a London club dedicated "Heaven Knows" to Zeppelin soundalikes **Kingdom Come**, displaying his true feelings by putting right thumb and forefinger in the shape of a perfect 'O', signifying "wankers".

The crowd cheered in agreement . . . only five people in the audience stood with hands held tightly to chest. They were, yes, the five members of Kingdom Come!

Anyway to wind it all up, **Jimmy Page** suddenly walked on stage to much cheers and wailings and helped the band whip into "Trampled Underfoot", "Misty Mountain Hop" (which Plant introduced as "here's one Kingdom Come haven't quite got the hand of") a crawler called "Gambler's Blues" which segued into "Since I've Been Loving You" and a knees-up rendition of "Rock 'n' Roll".

• Melbourne teen band **God's** "My Pal" single looks like becoming Au Go Go's best selling single yet! With considerable interest in preview cassettes of their upcoming *Rock Is Hell*, a European tour for next year is mooted.

• **Big Pig** off on a US tour, with "Breakaway" in both the Pop and Dance charts in that there country. Their next clip also includes a couple of the *Neighbours* cast but singer **Sherine** couldn't tell us which ones.

"Dunno, I don't watch *Neighbours*."

Boy, you gotta carry that weight! Meat Loaf and Brit comedian Mel Smith find it very hard to get to grips with each other.

Punkz
GIMME A KISS KERRI
NO!
I WOULDN'T KISS YOU IF YOU WERE THE LAST CREATURE ON EARTH!!!
BUT KERRI, IF I WAS THE LAST-- THERE WOULDN'T BE NO ONE ELSE!?!
IF THE AVERAGE BLOKE HAS 12 MILLION BRAIN CELLS - THEN 11 MILLION 999 THOUSAND OF HIS ARE UNEMPLOYED!
BLACK

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MADONNA TO STAR IN EVITA FILM

After months of 'yes they will, no they won't, reports about turning the rock opera Evita into a film, it's been confirmed the project will go ahead and it looks like Madonna may be playing the lead role.

The film adaptation of the Andrew Lloyd Webber/Tim Rice musical based on the life of Argentinian first lady, Eva Peron will start production before the end of this year.

It will be directed by Oliver Stone, who picked up an Oscar for his controversial Vietnam war film, *Platoon* and most recently, completed the feature *Wall Street.*

But the big question is, will Madonna win the coveted role of Eva Peron?

The Robert Stigwood Organisation, which is to make the film, says it has held talks with Madonna but nothing as yet has been signed.

"Oliver Stone has definitely been signed to direct, "says Bill Oakes, president of the RSO. "He's completing work on Talk Radio at the moment and then he starts directing a new film called Born On The Fourth Of July.

"Once that's completed, he'll begin pre-production on the Evita movie.

"As for Madonna, she's shown a great deal of interest in the role from the start. We've met with her more than once but at this stage, we're not able to say we've been successful in signing her.

"She's working on Broadway at the moment, but perhaps when she gets that out of her system, she'll be ready to relaunch her film career."

Madonna appears in the David Mamet play, *Speed The Plow,* which opened last week on Broadway.

DULCIE JEAN

THE BIGGEST SHOW EVER!

Jean Michel Jarre will be playing the biggest concert the world has ever seen in London in September.

It will be held in the Docklands area on September 24 and will be seen by an estimated TWO MILLION people.

Jarre will stage the event at the Royal Victoria Dock in the heart of the redevelopment area, at an estimated cost of $10 million.

It is an even more ambitious project than his famed Houston concert to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the State of Texas in 1986. Approximately 1.2 million saw laser effects beamed miles around the city skyline, animated images projected onto the sides of buildings and one of the most complex firework displays ever mounted.

Understandably, the London show is only the fourth such concert Jarre has ever performed because of the huge costs involved.

More than 300 British and French technicians will be working on the site for a month prior to the concert, perfecting new laser and pyrotechnics techniques.

Negotiations are being finalised for a live radio broadcast which will enable spectators to enjoy perfect sound reception.

A specially constructed viewing enclosure will be built along the mile-long dock site.

STING FOLLOWS UP LABEL

The record label that Sting launched earlier this year to give exposure to esoteric music, Pangaea Records, will issue ten albums through this year.

To be issued here in Australia through CBS Records, records are by classical/jazz guitarist Fareed Jacque; saxaphonist Steve Coleman who has played dates on Sting's current tour; Michael Convertino who composed the music for *Children Of A Lesser God;* and a Nashville country female duo called Kennedy Rose.

Pangaea has already issued four LPs that were originally released through an adventurous label called American Clave. These include records by Astor Piazolla and Kip Hanrahan; there is also a compilation called *Conjure: Music For The Text Of Ishmawl Reed* featuring Taj Mahal, Allen Toussaint, Carla Bley and Jack Bruce.

Sting says the label is not trying to go for a "whacky" image but is releasing records of "special music".

He explained: "Our short term ambition is to be quixotic and anarchic. We want to offer an opportunity for people who aren't Madonna or Tiffany, who don't fit formulas.

"What kills me about music today is the stratification. There are all these separate entities, like little ghettoes. Music shouldn't be perceived or presented that way."

JUKE/YAMAHA ROCK 88 STILL TIME TO ENTER

There's still time to enter Juke/Yamaha Rock 88, the international contest for unsigned bands.

The band who wins the Oz final of Juke/Yamaha Rock 88, will represent Australia in an Asia/Oceana Semi-Final in Hong Kong on September 4.

The unsigned band will be competing against seven finalists which include bands from Thailand, Singapore, Taiwan, New Zealand, Hong Kong and the Philippines.

Three bands will be selected by the Hong Kong adjudication panel, to proceed to the Internation Final in Tokyo on October 30.

The winning Australian band will receive their all-expenses-paid trip to Hong Kong as part of their prize for winning the August 3 Oz Final of Juke/Yamaha Rock. The Billboard nightclub in Melbourne will stage the Australian Semi-Final (July 3) and Final (August 4).

To enter Juke/Yamaha Rock, you don t have to be an expert band. Just record two original songs onto an audio cassette, complete the Entry Form (available from any Yamaha music dealer) and return to Juke/Yamaha Rock 88 by no later than Friday, May 20.

In addition to winning all-expenses-paid trips to the Hong Kong Semi Final and International Final in Tokyo, the winning Australian band will be awarded $5,000 cash, a $5,000 professionally-produced digital demo recording at Metropolis Audio in Melbourne plus $5,000 worth of Yamaha musical instruments.

Remember, it's the quality of your songs that matters, not the quality of your recording.

There's only two weeks to go, so get your act together and you could be among the prizes, travel and fame!

• You could be fighting back fans if you win Juke/Yamaha Rock '88!

A SPECIAL INVITATION TO UNSIGNED ROCK AND ROLL BANDS (WHO ARE PROBABLY PAYING FOR THEIR NEXT GIG).

By entering Yamaha Rock '88, the International Competition for unsigned rock bands, your band could win –

$5000

Cash

$5000

worth of Yamaha Musical Equipment

$5000

professionally produced Digital Demo Recording at Metropolis Audio

AN ALL EXPENSES PAID TRIP TO HONG KONG

to perform in the Asia/Oceania Semi Final on September 4. And if successful in Hong Kong

AN ALL EXPENSES PAID TRIP TO TOKYO

to perform in the ultimate showcase – The International Final on October 30.

Entering Yamaha Rock '88 is really simple. Just send us an audio cassette of your band playing two original songs, complete an Entry Form and get them to us by Friday May 20.
This could be the break you've been waiting for. If your band is ready to play, Yamaha Rock is ready to listen.

ENTER YAMAHA ROCK '88 NOW.

Proudly conducted in association with Juke Magazine.

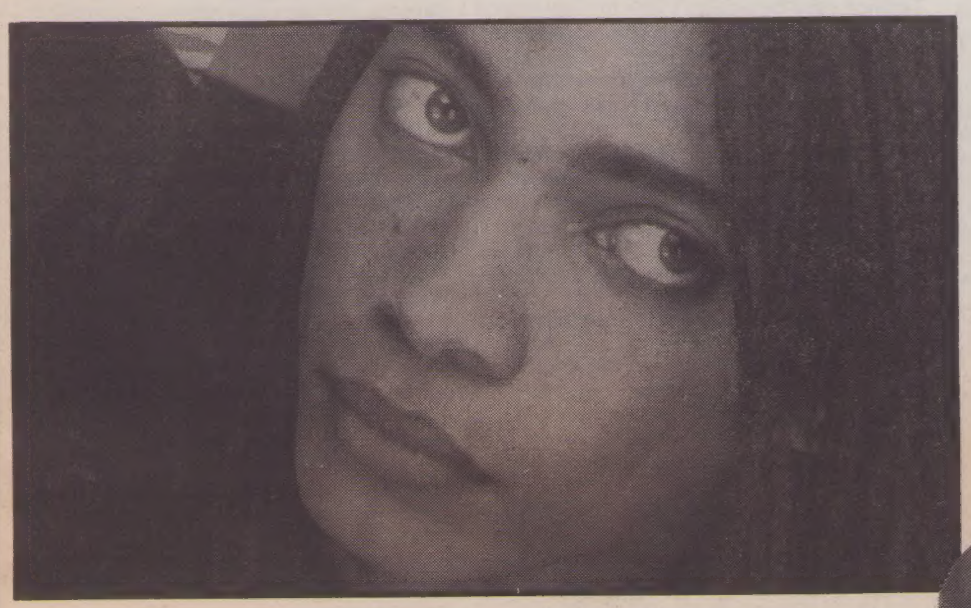
Entry Forms available exclusively from Yamaha Music stores and Yamaha Hi-Fi Dealers only.

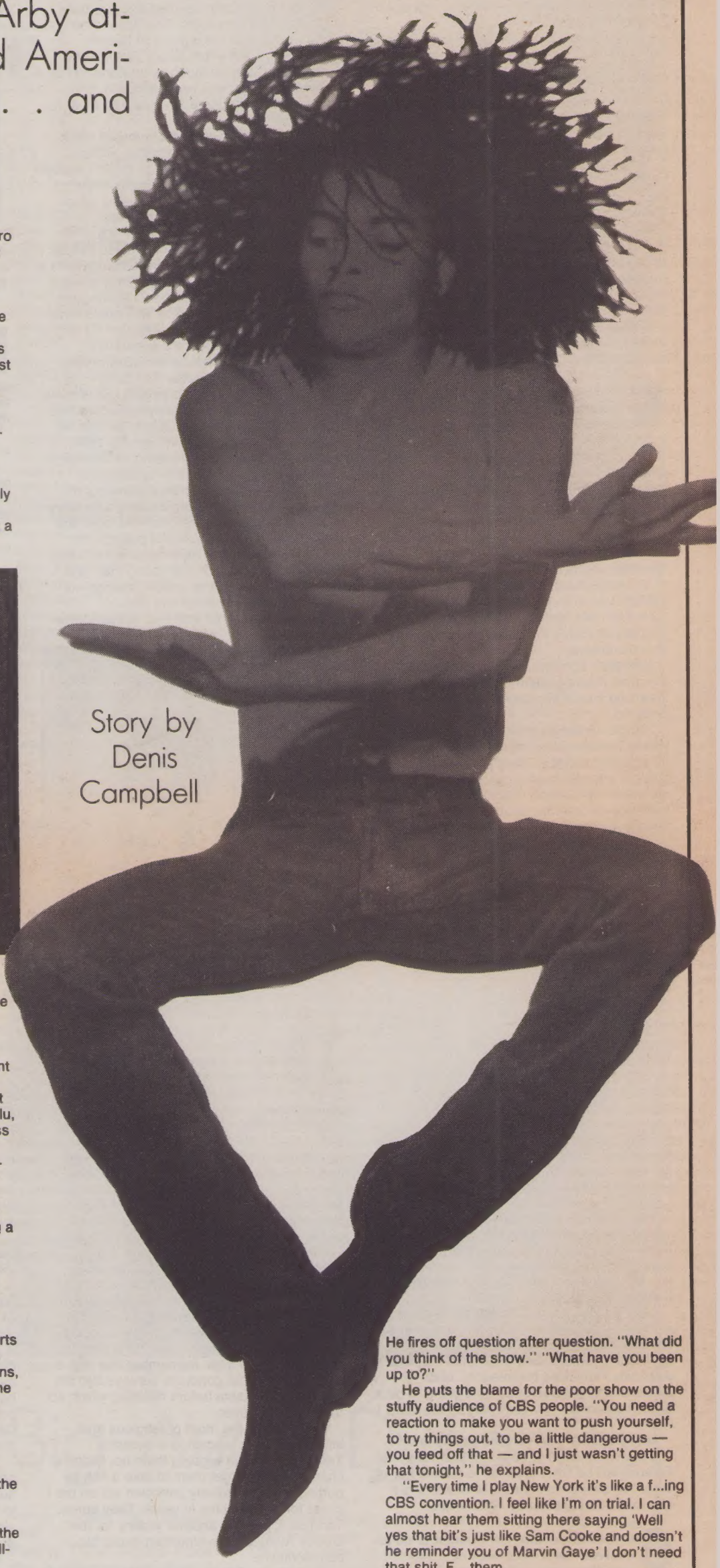
For further information phone Yamaha Music Australia – (03) 699 2388.

JUKE YAMAHA metropolis Billboard Concert

BAD ATTITUDE

Terence Trent D'Arby attacks the big bad American music biz . . . and wins





Story by Denis Campbell

Asked during an interview two years ago about his forthcoming assault on the American market, Terence Trent D'Arby promised: "Cracking America . . .is not important to me if there's no way I can do it other than my own way. I refuse to cut my balls off. I'm not going to pander to them. Enough people do that. I'm going to be successful there but I want to make a point otherwise it's not worth doing . . . "

And so it has come to pass. Terence is busy 'making a point', being A Difficult Artist.

As the story here shows, he has already given his record company in America several dramatic reminders that he is not going to be their typically pliable pop star. A gold disc presentation ceremony so *Billboard* can get photos of the new star flanked with record company buddies? Forget it. Just have the disc delivered to my hotel, that'll do nicely.

"Usually a new act will come into my office and say 'Hi, I'm here to do whatever you want me to do'," recalls CBS Press chief Marilyn Laverty. "But Terence made it clear from the beginning that he was someone who would never just say, 'I'll do what you want'.

"I eventually realised that he wasn't just being stubborn, but that he had a vision for himself, and I started to understand that in his case it was important for me to listen to that vision".

Terence has also, almost inevitably, stopped giving interviews. "Mighty mouth has become quiet mouth." He is not the first aspiring pop star to shoot his mouth off, to manipulate the media, and then stop the supply of outrageous interviews when it suits him. He is good copy and he knows it, but at the moment he doesn't need us to help him 'make his point'. When he does, the mouth will open again and we'll still be waiting. Right now he can afford to treat us a bit nasty, refuse interviews to journalists who have travelled 4,000 miles just for that purpose.

"Rock'n'roll's about attitude, not about tape recorders," he says. It is precisely the D'Arby attitude (as in Attitude) that marks him out from today's bland and undistinguished pop field and makes him a challenging artist. He is determined to do everything his own way, no matter who that means offending; like Lennon, Bowie and Prince, he wants to do it his way. At the moment he's getting away with it, brazenly using his position as pop's latest golden boy to wind people up, his favourite pastime. "F.... them if they can't take a joke", he says.

Brave stuff. But the real proof of his 'integrity' will come with the next album. Terence knows he has a lot to prove, a lot to live up to, and that he'll never be regarded as a True Artist — something he craves — unless he's got the music to back it up. He's busy working on that part of the D'Arby Masterplan right now.

New York's Beacon Theatre sits at the corner of Broadway and 74th Street, a few hundred yards west of Central Park. It doesn't play host to rock'n'roll gigs very often and it's easy to see why. Cavernous, dilapidated and with row upon row of tightly packed seats, it's got about as much charm and personality as Van Morrison on an off-day: a shitty venue for performers and audiences alike.

Tonight, though, a ticket for the Beacon is a very desirable item indeed. If you want one you'll have to talk three-figure sums to the gentlemen outside in cheap suits. Business is good. Everybody wants to be there. The reason? The reason is Terence Trent D'Arby.

Terence is hot, *very* hot, a rapidly rising star who has had American critics, like their British counterparts last year, dusting down their dictionary of superlatives in his honour. The Beacon is his first New York appearance since his packed showcase debut at the trendy Ritz club last October.

Stars like the Beastie Boys, Robert De Niro and Faye Dunaway were out in force at that show and tonight's no different. De Niro's here again, but undercover; one of Prince's sisters has been spotted; and most of Manhattan's chic young things seem to have showed up.

As have about 900 employees and friends of CBS Records, whose worldwide HQ is just 20 blocks downtown. It's like a ludicrously large company outing to inspect their latest acquisition. Their block booking takes up most of the ground floor. Terence is furious.

"This is just like a CBS Records convention," he jibes, stalking the stage in visible anger. The crowd downstairs don't know how to react and squirm uncomfortably in their seats. Some people mistake the sarcasm for bonhomie and clap accordingly; a few even cheer. A bizarre incident.

"Typical Americans," Terence confides later, "they can't even spot a joke. No sense of humour."

The first half an hour of the show is uncharacteristically lacklustre. Terence's voice is functioning at only about 60 per cent of its usual strenghth and range; it sounds frail, strained, lifeless. He is quite badly ill, it later transpires — a nasty combination of 'flu, asthma, exhaustion and temporary deafness in his left ear.

Things improve, however, after the back-to-back double helping of steaming funk cover versions — Fatback's 'Wicki Wacky' and James Brown's 'Soul Power' — which show just how tight the Bojangles, sporting a new drummer and percussionist, have become since the patchy European shows last December.

Terence stops 'Wicki Wacky' briefly and instructs the crowd to start dancing. A few people obey, but most remain sober and detached in their appreciation. Then he starts to liven things up with his mix 'n' match JB meets Michael Jackson dancing: twists, turns, shuffles, splits, hands-on-crotch, the lot. The girls start to scream and the heat starts to rise.

It's only about half way through that Terence starts to push himself, and the soaring voice goes into full flight. 'Wishing Well', sitting just outside the Top Ten and the track that everybody knows, brings the loudest cheer of the night.

It's been getting extensive airplay on all the radio stations, both black and MOR, and all-powerful MTV has helped push the track, anxious to be seen backing a guaranteed star, albeit a black one.

Terence's debut, 'If You Let Me Stay', was a different story though. Released last October, the official reason it bombed is that it got lost amidst the pre-Christmas singles deluge by major artists.

The real reason is that white stations wouldn't play if because of the spoken intro — it was too black a record — while black stations gave it short shift because it wasn't black *enough*. Welcome to American radio folks.

One noticeable feature of tonight's show is the cosmopolitan make-up of the paying customers: young and old, black and white. Terence already has that precious commodity in the US music business, across the board appeal. CBS must be pleased.

Terence encores with a rowdy version of the Stones' 'Jumping Jack Flash' before bringing the show to a dramatic close by smashing his guitar Peter Townshend-style. Forget notions of Terence as a modern soul man; this is rock'n'roll.

Afterwards I join the CBS bigwigs at the backstage party. It's sponsored by Michelob the beer people so we partake gratefully. Everybody's waiting for Terence but he doesn't show up. Everyone has another drink. The Bojangles arrive but still there's no sign of Terence. "Where is he?" is the unspoken question on everyone's lips.

"He wants to see you, nobody else. He's not coming down here. He hates all this sort of thing." It's Claudine, Terence's publicist, a woman with unrivalled talent for sweet-talking journalists and getting her temperamental charge out of difficult situations.

Upstairs in a barren dressing room I met Terence. He is relaxed, animated, inquisitive. He fires off question after question. "What did you think of the show." "What have you been up to?"

He puts the blame for the poor show on the stuffy audience of CBS people. "You need a reaction to make you want to push yourself, to try things out, to be a little dangerous — you feed off that — and I just wasn't getting that tonight," he explains.

"Every time I play New York it's like a f...ing CBS convention. I feel like I'm on trial. I can almost hear them sitting there saying 'Well yes that bit's just like Sam Cooke and doesn't he reminder you of Marvin Gaye' I don't need that shit. F... them.

Next time I play this city I'm gonna play the dirtiest, funkiest, heaviest place in the Bronx I can find and see how many of them come then."

He directs most of his considerable anger at Marilyn Laverty, CBS America's Vice-President of Publicity, who has joined us, before apologising after recognising that it's not her fault.

But his friendly attitude towards me changes briefly when he discovers that I expect an interview during my trip. He even reaches over and rips my jacket open in

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY
FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

search of a hidden tape-recorder. He doesn't want to do an interview.

He says he's got nothing left to say after his over-exposure last year. More important, it seems, is his seemingly insatiable desire to always wind people up.

"I might not do any interviews around the next album . . . . Mighty mouth has become quiet mouth," he muses with a sly grin, "that'll shock them."

Claudine reappears. She has brought a delegation of CBS top brass to a room one floor up and assured them that Terence will be with them right away. Terence seizes his chance and escapes out a side door, shunning both the party and the waiting executives. Earlier that day he even refused to meet Walter Yetnikoff, worldwide President of CBS. "He never sees anyone before a show," Claudine explains simply.

The young star is refusing to play by the rules. This is the hardline according to Terence Trent D'Arby (US version).

Next morning I spent two hours with Claudine trying to work out the chances of an interview. She's not hopeful.

"He'd rather talk to you for hours as a friend than for half an hour in a formal interview. He says that rock'n'roll's about attitude, not about tape recorders."

The prospect of having to face my editor without having got an interview fills me with something approaching terror. I start to look for other angles.

Three blocks away down Sixth Avenue lies CBS HQ. Marilyn Laverty's office is on the 12th floor. We meet for a chat about Terence. She is suspicious of my motives and won't give much away.

She does confirm, though, that Terence is the most exciting talent to hit America in a very long time. *Everybody* wants to meet him, it seems.

"At the reception after the Grammys" — where Terence performed and stole the show by common consent, despite appearing straight after Michael Jackson — "it was incredible. He walked in the door and everyone turned to look at him. They just kept staring at him.

"Loads of people went over and talked to him; they just wanted to see what he was like. It took him 45 minutes to reach where we were standing. I've never seen anything like it."

Terence is busy conquering his native country with almost the same ease as Australia and Britain last year. His rise has been rapid; he is that rare phenomenon in American music, an 'overnight sensation'. A hit single and album, a Grammy nomination and appearance, and the cover of dozens of publications *without* giving interviews, he is already a fully-fledged star.

How much of this is down to the homeboy factor — the return of the talented Prodigal Son — is hard to tell. Few writers have fallen into the trap of proclaiming Terence's tour as a 'homecoming', which is wise; he is currently applying for British citizenship. Born in Harlem, resident in the London area of Camden; critics just can't figure this boy out.

Fresh from getting the rough side of Terence's tongue last night, Marilyn arrived in work today to receive another barrage, this time from senior figures in the company. Claudine tells me that Terence has really wound them all up and that poor Marilyn has been getting the blame — again.

I tell Marilyn that in Terence she's dealing with a very different sort of artist, one who will have nothing to do with the everyday absurdities of the music business — unless it suits him. He values his integrity, both personal and professional. He's going to be a difficult customer. He won't play by the rules, I warn.

Marilyn doesn't agree. She says she's "dealt with all sorts of kooks before" and that Terence will be OK. I promise to remind her of what I've said in six months time and see if she thinks any differently. She smiles.

One reason Terence is reluctant to do an interview with me is that he's still smarting over a *Village Voice* over story that seemed to suggest that he was a fraud.

Journalist Daisann McLane was struck by Terence from the first time she saw him on the cover of *NME* in February last year under the headline 'New Prince Of Pop'. But reading the piece, something wasn't right.

"The bio(graphy) seemed too brilliant a creation, too Legendary Soul Man to be true . . . none of the legions of British journalists (who wrote about Terence last year) had made so much as a phone call to check this guy out," wrote McLane. She decided to investigate Terence The Myth for herself.

Stan Whitted, Terence's favourite black teacher at De Land High School, Florida, where he studied from age 11 to 18, directly contradicted his numerous claims in the British press last year that he had a rough time at school because of his colour.

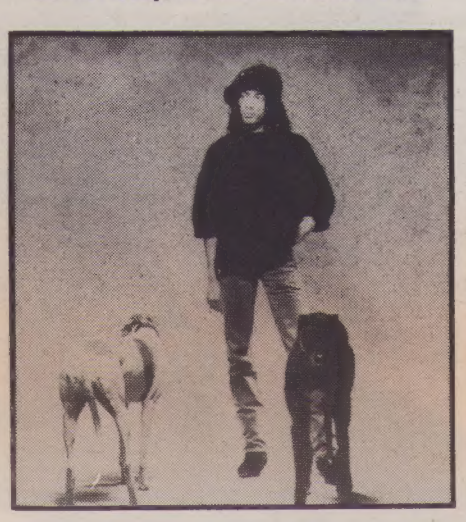
"I don't think that being black in a predominantly white school affected him so much as the fact that he had to compete as a singer with four other young men who were as good as, if not better than, he was. Any one of those boys I worked with could have become a superstar," he said.

And similarly, Terence's apparently dramatic court-martial by the US Army in Germany is also fictitious, if an army spokeswoman contacted by McLane is to be believed. There is apparently no record that Terence was court-martialled at all, and he was simply discharged on April 15, 1983.

And so on. Merely by talking to Terence's family and friends, McLane appeared to demolish many of the crucial elements of Terence's well-publicised Exciting Life Story.

If she's right, then Terence has been the biggest and most successful pop con for years. She has certainly offered a fresh and challenging insight on the young star, and raised many questions which Terence will have to answer in detail one day.

But not today, not with me. Asked for his



reaction to the piece he simply says: "She wanted a f..... I haven't even read it."

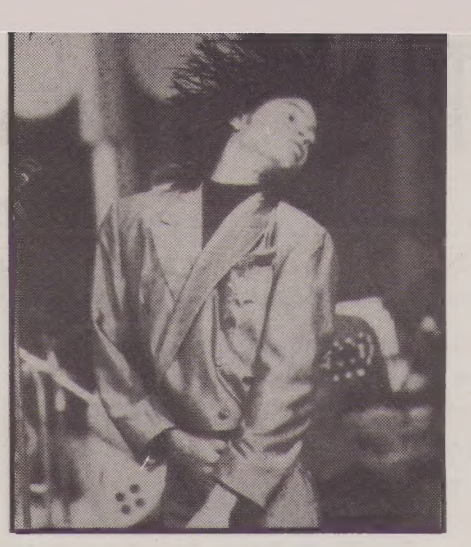
The show that evening at the Roseland Ballroom is superb. There is an atmosphere bordering on hysteria and Terence is loving every minute of it. The show is packed and very, very hot. Girls scream. Terence throws off his T-shirt and they scream even louder.

"Testify, Terence, testify," urges a black woman standing on the seats at the back. Terence obliges, and shows what a potentially great instrument his voice is. I pass Robert Palmer smooching with a mystery blonde during 'Sign Your Name'. It is a great gig.

Afterwards Terence does an all-night interview with *Rolling Stone*. He has only agreed on condition that they put him on the cover. Not because he's vain or arrogant, he insists, but because he wants to break the stranglehold of safe, white, mega-successful acts appearing on their cover; he wants to shake things up a bit. Remember that this is the magazine that conducts surveys into the state of public taste before deciding which act to put on the cover.

But it is also the most prestigious and influential music magazine in America. Terence has been winding them up, taking a chance, trying to get them to take a risk by putting a new, relatively unknown act on the cover for the first time in years. They agree. Terence is jubilant; another victory for the D'Arby Attitude over American music biz conservatism.

Next night, after the show at Washington's Warner Theatre, I meet Terence again. He explains that he's happy just to talk but not to do a proper interview. "Just observe. Write what you see," he says. "People *expect* to talk . . . What do you want to talk about anyway?"



America.

He laughs. "There's nothing to say. I haven't changed my mind what I think of it."

I give up hope of getting an interview.

Next day, Terence is more expansive. We're in the back of a limo heading to Capitol Hill to take some photos of him outside Congress draped in a Union Jack flag. He only agreed because he liked the idea.

We get talking about Jesse Jackson, about whom Terence has some no-nonsense views.

"People shouldn't vote for him just because he's black. People in the Democratic Party are afraid to confront him in case they come over looking like racists. But he should be asked the same tough questions as everyone else."

Terence says he wouldn't vote for Jackson because of his allegedly anti-Semitic remarks in the past.

"I don't trust the guy. Until he answers hard questions about what he's said about Jews, I won't be satisfied."

He may have reservations about Jackson, but he's equally critical of white Democratic Presidential candidates Michael Dukakis and Albert Gore for trying to use Jackson to 'hoover up' black votes and deliver them to whichever white eventually gets the party's nomination.

The photo-session isn't great. Terence is tired plus he isn't into the idea of doing his next task: another photo-session, this time for the cover of *Rolling Stone*. He has decided exactly how he wants to look: black leather biker's gear, sitting astride his Harley-Davidson, clutching a favourite guitar. He is a perfectionist.

In the car on the way back from Congress he asks Claudine about his guitar. "It's in Philadelphia," she replies.

Can't you get it?

"Not in the time we've got. We've already postponed the session with *Rolling Stone* twice today so you could do one with *Juke.*"

Right, I'm not doing the session then, Terence announces. He's got to have his black and chrome guitar or the session's off.

"It's too late for that," says Claudine.

Terence is adamant: no guitar, no *Rolling Stone* photo-session. Claudine has seen everything before — but not this. She looks dumbstruck.

Back in our hotel room Terence relaxes after agreeing to a few more shots for our photographs. He's meant to be with *Rolling Stone* but he's happier here just shooting the breeze. He may now hate interviews, but he still loves to *talk*.

The second album "will be a double or maybe split into two parts — CBS will hate either of those."

He's determined to produce himself because he wasn't happy with certain aspects of the *Hardline* album. Parts of it were too smooth, it seems.

"There were things on the first album that I didn't do too well, both lyrically and musically," he admits. "My lyrics especially have come on in giant leaps. The demos I produced myself of tracks like 'Seven More Days' and 'Let's Go Forward' felt much better than the eventual LP versions.

"I'm a bit worried about producing myself because I don't know too many musicians, but I want to get people like Bootsy Collins in to help out. And it's going to have lots of strings on it. I've been listening to too much Stravinsky and shit," he laughs.

He correctly assesses that CBS will "freak out about it".

Is that because they're expecting a *Hardline Pt 2?*

"No, because the second album will sell as much as the 'Hardline' no matter what it's like. It's the third album that won't sell. There are definite singles on it, but it will be a bridge between the first and the third albums, though people might not see that at the time. I can't wait to get the tour over so I can start work on it."

Terence hints that, apart from a few commercial tracks as singles fodder, the album could well prove to be quite a weird affair. He refuses to spell out exactly what he means but gives a big clue about what it may sound like when he says that he's listened to the Beach Boys *Pet Sounds* album every day for the last three months.

"Without that album there would never have been a *Sgt Pepper*. It's full of songs which sound weird on the first couple of hearings but start to reveal deeper meanings after a few more listens."

If *Pet Sounds* is his inspiration, the second D'Arby album could well be an interesting, innovative set. That's not what the record company will want, but it's the minimum Terence has to do to start gaining the recognition he craves as a 'True Artist' — and he knows it.

While we're talking the phone rings. It's Marilyn looking for Terence. It seems the entire D'Arby camp is in turmoil over his refusal to do the *Rolling Stone* pictures.

They've told the photographer that Terence is ill; they dare not tell her about his real reason — the missing black and chrome guitar. They're playing for time trying to find Terence and persuade him — force him, if need be — to do the session.

"Tell them you haven't seen me," he asks. Marilyn rings off, even more worried than before.

Terence relaxes again. He tells me about how, a few months ago, he was doing a photo-session at Prince's European management offices. While he was there one of the staff told Claudine that the Mighty Midget himself had all the press cuttings on Terence sent to him every week.

He also relates how, on a recent trip to Paris, he got the same driver that Prince had for his *Son Of The Times* tour last year. After Terence asked him to put a tape on, the driver told him: "The only person that's done that to me before was Prince — and it was your tape he asked me to put on."

A few months later, another coincidence. Terence went to the opening of a new club in Hamburg where Prince's 70 year old pianist father was special guest. The two got on well and Mr Rogers Snr said to Terence: "I saw your video. My son does a lot of the same moves as you."

To which Terence replied: "Well it looks as if we've been ripping off the same people then."

Terence says that just watching Mr Rogers play, listening to him rearrange standards like 'My Funny Valentine', lets him see where Rogers Jnr got his off beat genius from.

Terence says it's inevitable that he and Prince will meet and maybe work together one day soon. It's fated. They were meant to jam together recently at New York's Nell's club, but Prince couldn't make it.

"We're getting closer and closer. It's bound to happen soon".

In personal conversation Terence drops his public mask of arrogance. Although hard to believe after his series of outrageous interviews last year ("I am a genius" etc), he is actually quite shy. He says he was deeply flattered when several artists bothered to talk to him and congratulate him at the Grammys.

"People like Larry Blackmon — who's son of the few people that I respect, who's really doing something different — came up and said 'I like your stuff. You're doing something different.' That's really great."

Terence's looks, talent and big mouth have meant that he's been flooded with offers of film parts. Apart from wanting to finance a movie about the life of assassinated black leader Malcolm X, the only part Terence is considering at the moment is that of bluesman Robert Johnson in a filmed biography. The only thing stopping him is that "I'm not ready to get my hair cut yet."

Just then the phone rings again. Marilyn is more desperate than ever. They can't find Terence anywhere and are running out of excuses for *Rolling Stone*.

Remember what you said to me the other day about Terence being a difficult artist?", she asks. "Well you don't need to ask me in six months time. I know now."

OXFORD DICTIONARY DEF.

vo'latile (vo'-) *a.* readily evaporating at ordinary temperature; changeable, lively; transient.

LIME SPIDERS DEF.

vo'latile (vo'-) *a.* violating your senses on May 9th.

SEVEN • TWELVE

Virgin

Bats (l-r) Kaye, Malcolm, Robert, Paul

Holy Doc Martens! THE BATS are back!

By Mara Smarrelli

After a farewell performance in their hometown of Christchurch, The Bats left for the shores of Europe in March 1986. The four piece gigged in London, Nurenburg (with Alex Chilton), Frankfurt (with the Housemartins) and Berlin (with the Screaming Blue Messiahs).

While in London they recorded their 3 track 12" 'Made Up In Blue' described in the *Auckland Herald* as having "a hook big enough to go through both ears at once". *Daddy's Highway* (their first full length album) and single 'Block Of Wood' (with a b-side featuring tracks not on the album) have just been released through New Zealand's Flying Nun Records.

Responsible for their clear acoustic pop sounds are: singer, guitarist and songwriter Robert Scott, once with The Clean and The Weeds; Paul Kean, bassist, guitarist and backing vocalist, once with Toy Love and The Playthings; Kay Woodward, guitarist, bassist and backing vocalist; and drummer Malcolm Grant once with The World.

What makes The Bats a little more distinctive from other bands is the primary role of the bass and the lyrics. The Bats had their own theory however:

"I don't really think about things that stand out, you just do it", answers Malcolm.

"Well, Robert was bass player with The Clean so he's pretty much got a strong sense of rhythm which shows through when he plays guitar. And Malcolm often works quite strongly with him so it leaves me with the abilty to play a bit more melodically which I relly like.

"I've never really liked being the traditional bass player, I don't look to that mould", explains Paul. "Quite often it'll just come through something I feel when Robert's playing. It's something inherent in that it seems to come out and I'm probably just accentuating certain aspects of what Robert does and what Kaye does."

"We think of the songs as being far more important though", Malcolm returns. "We play the song and see what feels right rather than creating a particular feel".

"But when you look at a lot of other bands, the bass is predominant", adds Paul. "I'm not trying to blow my own trumpet by saying that but it's just an observation you get from other people".

The reaction The Bats received touring Australia last spring was more than just favorable. Enthusiasts requesting and shouting for songs they most probably had become familiar with via alternative radio or from their record releases since 1984. *By Night* six track EP; *Completely Bats. . . . And Here Is Music For the Fireside* 7 track EP; and 15 track compilation cassette. Reviews in *New Musical Express* and papers in Los Angeles and Germany accentuate the "rural romance" of the band.

"The response we got in Sydney was great", recalls Malcolm. "They weren't all New Zealander's either which was nice!"

"There's strong interest for us on the West coast of America too", tells Paul. "We've got a few contacts over there and New York are interested too and we hope to go back to Germany as well. Also The Chills (one of NZs most successful bands) have done very well in Greece, apparently Flying Nun records are doing well there, they obviously respect good pop music!"

Robert explains his lyrics: "I don't know whether lyrics have progressed through the years, I just get a different set for each song and occasionally the ones you come up with seem better than the last ones or. . ."

"Depending on how his love life's going!" teases Paul.

"Yeah, well that's got a strong bearing on it but. . . um. . I don't thing about them that much really," continues Robert. "I just sing what comes out when I'm writing a song and then they'll change and evolve and arrive in a set that I like after a while. But often they'll change anyway till I find something that stays in my head".

"We've got so many songs that we've had for a while that we haven't even put down a record", continues Paul on the subject of Bats' records. "We could have done an album a long time ago and we would have liked the newer songs to have out a lot closer to when they were actually composed; but it's hard to keep the whole record thing going, it's such a slow proces unfortunately. There are lots of new songs that should be recorded right now."

"Well with 'Daddy's Highway' we've put a lot more work into it, we've tried a lot harder," concludes Malcolm.

The past has seen several NZ musicians with a gleam in their eyes with the hope of "making it" in Australia. But for Peking Man, The Mockers, The Narcs, Dance Exponents, and Toy Love their dreams were never consummated, each of them broke up. Could this be the reason why NZ bands have the tendency to by-pass Australia when trekking overseas? (Like The Chills and Sneaky Feelings for instance).

"Australia really hasn't got a good image in NZ really," says Robert.

"Well, NZ hasn't got a good image in the minds of Australians either I guess!" adds Paul. "We hadn't really pushed ourselves to a large extent over in NZ, so it wasn't a matter of reaching the point where we'd gone as far as we could — we've been reserving ourselves!"

"Going round Europe was really weird though", recalls Paul. "The Chernobyl disaster had happened at that time. We were waiting inLondon to see what was going to happen to see whether it was going to melt down or if there was going to be chaos in Europe. We ended up with only 10 days to do a whole European tour. By the time we left London and travelling through France and Italy we had to stop in these little villages and find phone boxes and ring up promoter to find out where our next gig was going to be.

"We played in this wee club in Frankfurt that should have only held 100 people but they crammed about 350 people, full of mirrors. You'd be walking to what you thought was the stage but you'd actually be walking towards the back of the room!"

"But audiences were really good over there in Germany. I mean they could be a bit over the top but after being in London, where you get New Zealanders up the front and the English down the back it as a welcomed change," concludes Malcolm. "But people here in Australia have accepted us more than I thought they would."

THE MANIKINS

and their monumental task

By Byron Smith

Before the Manikins departed their original homeland of Perth in a frustrated huff in late '82, guitarist Bradley Clarke was interviewed for the rock column of the *West Australian* newspaper.

The subsequent article told of how the band was "irate at the suppression of original music in Perth" and saw a move east as their "only course" out of the situation.

Now, nearly six years later, the green pastures which lay in the foreground of Clarke's subconscious and on the right-hand side of Australia's obese body, have reaped only dusty reality.

Expecting a busy hive of original creativity, Clarke feels a little disillusioned with Melbourne, saying she, like Perth, has a whip poised over the backs of original bands, demanding musical subservience:

"The things I hated about Perth are the same things I hate about Melbourne, now that I'm here," Clarke says. "In Melbourne there are also a lot of cover bands and there's the really conservative feeling of 'let's all go and see something we can disco to'. That really bores me shitless, it really does. The good thing about Perth is that because they're so far away, some of the people feel the need to be incredibly experimental and creative, 'cos they feel they have to compete with the enormity of creativity on this side of Australia. But actually, when you get here — to the East — you find out that it's not all that creative after all and it's not the meccas that you once thought it was."

Clarke's frustration with the Australian music scene relates to the general feeling of indifference which has been expressed towards the Manikins, apparently because they refuse to conform to the musical stereotype of a local band. Often employing unusual time signatures, an almost operatic lead vocal and a diverse, textural acoustic guitar/keyboard treatment, the Manikins are hardly your average rock band.

Clarke: "When Christine (Brodey — singer) joined the band over three years ago, I figures that we just couldn't keep doing kinda post-punk, rhythm and blues any more, because her voice is so dfiferent.

"So Christine had to learn to sing a little more 'core' and we had to learn to play and write around how she sings. So we've met somewhere in the middle. The reason why we went along with Christine, even thought we had to flex a lot to suit her voice, was because her voice is so *damn* good!"

Brodey: "So what's evolved is a natural process of playing what *sounds good* and in this day and age, things have passed and there's no point in burying your head in the fifties or sixties, as Melbourne does nowadays. People tend to think that's what prior — what's happened before — is more pertinent today, than what's happening at the moment. But we don't think like that and we don't feel the need to dress-up in all black, or play a certain 'type' of music to fit in with a particular clique."

Although Clarke is disappointed with Melbourne's apparent lack of willingness to accept the band, his stay here has been far from fruitless. The outfit has managed to secure a deal with CBS, record two singles ("What Are You On?" and "Cruel World") and cut a self-titled LP. The time has also been spent productively with songwriting, gigging and gathering the "right" members : players who were open-minded and willing to shake any preoccupation with a specified style of music.

"We auditioned a lot of people and we decided that what whatever the group of people we ended up with, rendered, would be what we'd play. The only proviso was that we didn't want people coming into the band saying they wanted to adopt a preconceived style."

The line-up now consists of singer Brodey, guitarist Clarke, bassist Mick Prague, keyboard player Alexander Nettelbeck and original drummer, Mark Betts, who all, according to Clarke, have the right creative criteria to take the Manikins into a unique and unchartered musical direction.

"I always had this strange idea that when rock and roll broke, even though Bill Haley and all that was somewhat contrived, whenever there was a creative aspect to it . . . when somebody was writing in a different time signature or in a slightly different frame, they stood out. That was the beauty of it and when a new band broke, it was because they were NEW! Like the Beatles were incredibly different and they wrote new songs in a different way, their format was different and once they'd done that — and it was a wonderful thing — you couldn't repeat it, because they'd already done it.

"Bands like the Rolling Stones weren't at all like The Beatles, Vanda and Young, with the Easybeats, weren't at all like either of those groups and neither were The Loved Ones. The Loved Ones were incredible. To me, it was like 'wow!' this band is different! They'd play in 3/4 and they had jazz and blues influences and yet they still managed to be unique, by the sheer determination of saying 'we're gonna do whatever we think feels good and sounds right to us'. So we decided that we would — without emulating it — emulate it! In other words, adopt that idea of doing whatever feels natural."

Manikins' Christine and Bradley (pic by Byron Smith)

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Def Leppard had not visited Italy for five years. But when they arrived in Milan, the fans were fully ready to ramblast. Christina Pascalis filed this exclusive report.

It's surprising how many rock stars who constantly travel around the world are terrified of flying. David Bowie comes first to mind. Style Council's Paul Weller is another.

Def Leppard's Joe Elliott, veteran of countless jaunts through America, Japan and Europe, used to have those problems too. His stomach used to nervously churn so much that he couldn't eat or drink, even on a long flight. Constantly he'd throw up.

Then his girlfriend heard about a wristband with acupuncture press points. Joe was enough of a North England boy to scoff at the idea but he got talked into it.

After a dozen uses of it on flights to help him, he found he was cured; he doesn't need the wristband any more.

That's just one of the problems that a travelling band has to face.

There are the usual whinges of boredom, of turning to drinks and drugs, of smashing up the hotel room to let off steam, to weep alone from terminal homesickness.

In Joe's case, as he and Leppard kicked off an Italian tour, he was suffering the worst cough and cold he's had since he was a toddler.

"Throughout the whole month of March, I haven't been able to breathe properly," he sniffles away, lying back on his bed in his suite at the Hotel Palace Milano, waiting to be called to get in the bus to go to soundcheck.

"Every time I cough, my whole throat hurts. The doctor says I have to remain quiet . . . which I try to do, but once you get up onstage, you really pound that bastard (the vocal chords) for two straight hours, and it becomes inflamed again.

"You're tired, you're in airconditioned hotel rooms all the time, so you're susceptible. The worst thing is, you're in close contact with the band and road crew, so when someone else gets it, then you get it too."

No, Joe isn't feeling sorry for himself or feeling precious. He's caught in circumstances. After a lengthy break, Leppard blasted back to a world occupied by new heroes Bon Jovi and Whitesnake. Yet *Hysteria* was strong enough to put them back on the map. As they flew into Milan to start their first tour of Italy in five years, there was plenty of evidence of how strong Leppard were elsewhere, too.

Hysteria was still in the US Top 10 six months after its release. They were playing to crowds of about 12,000 per night through Europe; this morning they'd heard that when

they put up the tickets for Amsterdam, five thousand disappeared within hours.

The band's playing really well at the moment," Joe says without being obnoxious about it. "But the hardest thing to come to terms with is that songs like 'Animal', 'Run Riot' and 'Gods Of Way' are still NEW to the audience, yet they're about three years old, they're old new!"

Life on the road is very much a routine. They have their parties but it's nothing like the drug-crazed orgies and wall-to-wall women that their fans might fantasise about.

It's humour that keeps them going. Videos of *Fawlty Towers* and other British comedies run continually. Late sleepers are fined a dollar a minute by the tour manager, with the

SEE MILAN AND DIE

pot going to finance the giant end-of-tour party. They use all kinds of funny aliases when booking into hotels, so they don't get hunted down by fans. Joe uses Tim Stoppitt (a line out of *The Comic Strip)*, guitarist Phil Collen uses "Vic Sinex" and Steve Clark, who got fined for jaywalking in Los Angeles, now checks in as Clark J. Walker. On their last tour someone used Mike Hunt but Joe refuses to divulge who it was.

Within the camp, things are routine. Phil hasn't touched a drink for a year; Joe's

At 4pm, following an interview with an Italian TV crew, Leppard's tour manager had got them all together, and, past loudly cheering fans who'd cut school to be there, got them off to The Palatrussardi where they'd stay until they returned from the show about midnight.

Steve regales everyone with the story of how he woke up in the morning, fully clothed, to find he was clutching on to a telephone receiver. He panicked, thinking in his drunken stupor he'd rung up hundreds of dollars

abstained too, although he had a whisky with his father on Christmas Day and tried some *saki* when they went to a Japanese restaurant soon after arriving in Italy. Phil and Rick (Allen) are vegetarians. Just to show you how unaffected Leppard are by their millionaire success, their manager insisted that they have their own caterer while travelling through Europe; however, Joe sheepishly says he hardly uses him, preferring Big Macs and M&Ms instead.

Like the other "hell-raisers" from Iron Maiden, Judas Priest and ZZ Top, golf is a fave pastime for them. Joe's been playing the game since he was 12, when he stole his first set of golf clubs from a club in Sheffield. His current set was bought second hand from one of their tour bus drivers.

"It's hard on tour to get a game in, just for the sake of the time factor," he explains. "On the *Pyromania* tour, the stage was simpler, so the crew would get it up by mid-afternoon, so you could do your sound check and then get out on the course for a few hours before it got dark.

"But this round stage that we're using takes a lot more time, and we're using a lot more stage effects too. So it's invariably dark by the time we finish the check."

Hence the backstage area becomes home, rather than the hotel room, which is more the transient place where one dumps the suitcases before heading off for interviews, TV studios and venues. Hence each backstage area has a Video Room, where comedies, nature documentaries and specially flown over British soccer games are eagerly devoured.

There's also a portable studio. For the first time ever, Leppard are trying to write songs on the road.

"We're still embarrassed about the fact *Hysteria* took almost four years to come out," Joe smiles. "So we intend to have an album out next year. No, honest, we do. We're absolutely determined to do it, too."

Leppard seem to have got away with being a heavy rock band which could also have a number of singles in the pop charts. Usually HR bands have to wimp out before they can do that, don't they?

"Yes, I know what you mean. But you've got to remember that two of the best heavy rock bands to come out of England were Thin Lizzy and Status Quo, and they were *always* on the charts, at least back in England. They never lost their credibility with the heavy rock fans.

"I always wanted my favourite HR bands to have hit singles. It used to really piss me off that UFO and Rush could never get higher than Top 30 or something.

"I guess, looking back, I should have been lucky that bands like that even got into the radio playlists. They'd come on, you'd turn up the radio really l-o-u-d, and then when Gary Numan came on, you'd turn it down again."

calling god-knows-who living in god-knows-where in any part of the world. He rushed down to the lobby and was assured that he had made no calls at all.

At 7pm, a masseur arrives for Joe. A back injury from his schooldays is still troubling him, and he needs a massage to give his all during the show.

At 9.15 they hit the stage, to calls of welcome from Milanese rockers screaming the place down, their fists defiantly punching holes in the air.

We've already covered the stage show in last week's issue, but needless to say, the hard touring grind has resulted in a vibrant steely noise which perspires ingenuity. Simply, it is one of the best shows around — effects, sweat and hard working exhilarated players, particularly Clark who swings his axe around him and leaps about the stage, and, of course, Elliott, who plays the circus ringmaster to the maximum. By the time they encore with "Shakin' All Over" and "Good Golly Miss Molly", the audience is knackered.

The European leg of the tour started on March 14 in Stockholm, working its way through Norway, Denmark, West Germany, France and Switzerland. Tomorrow will be Florence, before they headed off to Holland, Belgium and Spain, and then ten shows in Britain, where they would be received as all-conquering homecoming heroes.

"We should be proud they're British," gushed *Sounds* magazine which, ten years ago, had accused them of Americanising their sound, and led to a cold freeze on the part of the British public for much of the '80s. But now "Animal" has gone high up the British charts, so all is clearly forgiven.

The tour obviously doesn't end there. By the time you read this, Leppard would be in Japan, and then fly to Canada for more hard touring.

I ask Joe if there's pressure on them that *Hysteria* (which has sold four million Stateside) has to do as well as *Pyromania* (which did nine million).

"I think when we returned, the big burning question as far as people were concerned was that if new people like Bon Jovi and Poison had stolen our thunder. What I had to explain to them is that kids don't say to themselves, 'well, I've got the new Poison LP so I don't have to have the Leppard LP as well' because they'll buy *both* of them!

"When the new Whitesnake and Cinderella LPs come out the week after, they'll go and buy them as well.

"Yeah, sure, when *Hysteria* came out, there were a lot of kids walking around with Motley Crue and Poison T-shirts, but that's to be expected. Why wear a Leppard T-shirt when you haven't heard from Leppard for so long? Of course, you'll wear a T-shirt of a band that's HOT. Once we got back, the kids were wearing Def Leppard T-shirts again.

"The question you get asked time and time is *Hysteria's* just done four million, *Pyromania* did nine million. You explain, 'yeah *Pyromania*

took seven months to sell its first three million, *Hysteria* did that in five months'."

Is hard touring the answer to increasing record sales?

We play live 'cos we enjoy it, that's why we do it. We'd give up if we played live to sell records. It's not like Pink Floyd, who get together after three years, put out a record, do a show or two to say 'Hey, we're still around' and then goes back to sleep for another few years."

Can he think of a most embarrassing moment from the early days of obscurity?

"Hmmmm . . . I think it was the time we played in a town called New Brighton, which is about five miles out of Liverpool, at a place called the Grand Hotel. We were in high spirits that night, because the A&R guy from Arista Records was coming down.

"We were in the dressing rooms and the A&R guy said 'hiaya, I'm from Arista, by the way I've got the flu, so don't worry if I split after a couple of songs', which we thought was strange.

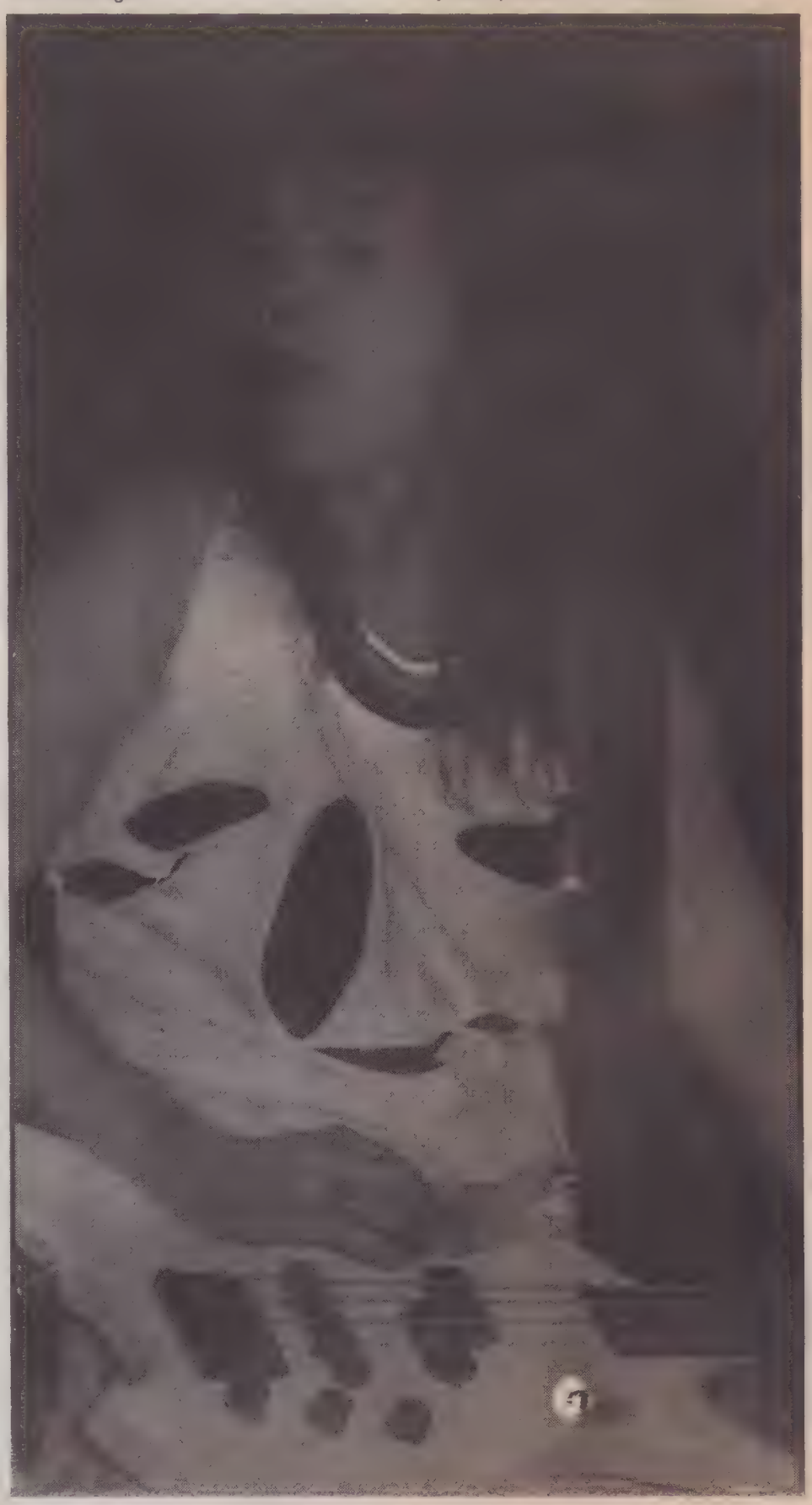
"When the curtains opened, we found out. There were ten people in the whole bloody room! To play to ten people in Liverpool would have been the most humiliating thing ever.

"I think if ever Leppard came closest to breaking up, it was that night, because we got paid about thirty pounds for that, and the cost of gasoline, van rental and guitar strings was more than that. We kindda wondered if it was worth going on. Incidentally, we never heard from Arista again!"

What was the biggest lesson they learned from Rick's accident?

"We learned that the word 'can't' has to be banished from the Def Leppard vocabulary. We went through something like that and ended up stronger; how could you NOT handle anything else after that?

"I once told Rick that I could never have handled it the way he did and he said, 'no, you can, because when it does happen to you, then every bit of you screams at you 'don't let it get to you' and you work it out'. After Rick, any other problem is a non-issue."



ALL ABOARD THE A-HA EXPRESS

To celebrate the launching of their world tour A-Ha invited 250 journalists to Birmingham to see the first show. Jillian Hughes hops along for the ride, while Sasha Stojanovic relentlessly fires questions at them afterwards.

Things had been so quiet on the A-Ha front for a year, that their record company decided that they'd need a big publicity stunt to get them noticed, especially since they were about to embark on a world tour and release a new LP called *Stay On These Roads.*

In Australia they've gone quiet since they started their last world tour. In England at least, "The Living Daylights" turned out to be a big hit for them.

So the record company invited 250 journalists and photographers and laid on a special A-Ha Train to cart them and top company execs from London to Birmingham National Exhibition Centre.

So, at 1.30 in the afternoon, chaos reigned on Platform 2 at Euston railway station. Photographers swarmed with their cameras; clowns on stilts juggled with fire; a strange old bloke with yellow hair, no teeth and white robe wandered through the crowd; and a brass band blared out numbers like Cliff Richard's "Congratulations" and Frank Sinatra's "New York New York".

Then, with a loud fanfare, A-Ha arrived in a limousine, with a red carpet laid out for them. They immediately disappeared under a flurry of cameramen, all clicking madly. Ten minutes later, their foul-looking bodyguards escorted them into Carriage A, leaving everybody else to scramble into the other carriages to find seats.

No one was allowed to talk to A-Ha on the trip up. It was only when the train was in motion that it was announced that no alcohol would be served. As journalists and photographers contemplated suicide, snacks of chicken, prawns and sandwiches were circulated to soothe miffed feelings.

An hour and a half later, the train drew into Birmingham station, where the Pulse Steel Orchestra serenaded the guests Carribbean style of A-Ha tunes. It was on for a two hour "break" at a restaurant during which tracks from the new LP were played (it looks as though they'll cross over to the older market while keeping their teeny fans) and then on to the press conference.

The assembled were told that due to their hay fever, no smoking would be allowed (more groans from the press). Mags, too, had picked up the bug when he was secretly visiting Australia, and was quite sick.

Press conferences are quite dumb events. The dumber journalists push themselves to the front and embarrass the smarter ones by asking such questions as "do you believe in sex before marriage", "who are you dating", "what do you think of the problems in Ireland" (**Morten:** "I keep my mouth shut") and, strangest of all, "are you glad you're still a pop star rather than a priest".

From there, it was on to the Birmingham NEC to join 30,000 fans (ranging from six-year-olds with parents to 20-year-old Morten lookalikes) where the band put in a tough set full of catchy melodies and majestic climaxes. Tracks like "Cry Wolf", "Manhatten Skyline" and "Take On Me" were met with rapturous screaming and fainting. For the press, there was the realisation that A-Ha, despite the 'teenybopper' tag, is a competent outfit with Morten the possessor of a unique voice.

After it was over, A-Ha stumbled back to their hotel and the prospect of six more months of hard grind. The press corp stumbled back onto their train back to London to meet their deadlines.

In person, success and pressure hasn't changed them. They still loll about in jeans, leather jackets and neckerchiefs. Morten Harket remains the erudite one, Mags (Magne Furuholmen) the comedian and Pal Waaktaar the silent and thoughtful one. They are polite in their answers, but very rarely give depth to what makes them and their music tick. Rather, they crack jokes if things get too serious . . .

The obvious first question is where were you for about a year?

Morten: "We've been resting and for that we went back to Norway, to see our families, our friends. That is very important, to keep the old connections, as a lot of successful people lose that and it is dangerous for them. We've never wanted something like that to happen to us."

Mags: "After that we started working on the songs, recorded the album and here we are, at the beginning of the current tour.

The album is produced by Alan Tarney, although Giorgio Moroder was supposed to be the one to do it, for a long time?

Mort: "We had that idea but it didn't work out."

I've heard that you were hanging about a hotel in Los Angeles for a day, waiting for him to arrive?

Mort: ". . . True, we met in a Los Angeles hotel."

When he eventually arrived he said that your songs weren't good enough and wanted you to write them all over with him, which is his usual way of working.

Mort: ". . . We just couldn't find the common ground to work together."

You don't feel like talking about it much?

Mags: "What's there to talk about? He was one choice of a producer and it didn't work out so we went back to our old producer. Nothing strange in it; a lot of bands talk to different producers before deciding on one."

Mort: "We arranged a boxing match between Giorgio and Alan and Alan lost!"

What were you trying to achieve on this record which you hadn't done on the previous albums?

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Mags: "Perfection, ha, ha."

Mort: "We tried to improve ourselves, our songs, and the music all together."

Mags: "We worked on this record more closely than we had before and that made it special, more cohesive from the creative point of view."

Mort: "There are new songs and we recorded it with a hindsight experience of the previous ones. That made it a bit difference."

What do you mean working more closely?

Mags: "It means that the collaboration before was that we'd write separately and then get together. This time we really sat down and wrote together. I think that made certain improvements to the music. We also did some songs separately. That's how it was more close."

Mort: "As it is our third album, writing songs isn't getting any easier. Coming up with new and different songs is rather difficult. You always want to improve and write better songs, but it isn't easy."

Mags: "As we were away from the studio for a long time, it took us some time to get back into the studio work, thinking of the kind."

Are you still friends as you used to be?

Mort: "Yes, but we don't see each other as much as we used to. When a band works together as much as we have, it becomes like a family. No one sees his family all the time. We have our own lives and we don't have to see each other all the time."

How about it Pal?

Pal: "What can I say? I agree that we don't have to live in each other's pockets all the time."

Mags: "If you're wondering whether there are any disagreements within, there are, we are only human beings; but there is nothing serious."

Mort: "All the reports about us splitting up are bull-shit!"

So you are not going solo, Morten?

Mort: "What could I achieve solo that I can't do within the band?"

Paul McCartney said that doing a title song for James Bond's film was a pinnacle of his career; do you look upon *The Living Daylights* in the same fashion?

Mort: "Yes, it was one of the highlights of our career, but if your question suggests that we'll be going down from now on, we don't intend to. We are continuing as before, working and aiming for the top, to get higher or remain on the same level, whichever way you look at it."

How did you find working with John Barry, the renowned music man behind all the Bond films?

Mort: "He was great; we wrote and recorded a song independently from him, then he got hold of the tape and turned it into a James Bond song. We were very satisfied with the finished product."

Will you do it again?

Mags: "The new James Bond? No, I think, apart from Shirley Bassey, nobody did it more than once."

Any other offers?

Mags: "Acting or film music?"

Either.

Mags: "We had some offers but it isn't really something we are really interested in."

Mort: "Acting takes a lot of time to do and our first love is music. We'd be playing it even if we weren't as successful. We played it even when nobody wanted to knows, listen to us. To be an actor is not at all an ambition of mine."

You say that your home is England now. How do you feel towards Norway, then?

Mags: "It all depends to whom we are talking, either an English journalist or a Scandinavian one!"

Mort: "We've lived in London for the past three years and it is our home. We come from Norway and it is our homeland, but home is where your work is. And it is based in London.

You'll be away from your adopted homes for a long time this year; how do you look upon it?

Mags: "We love it and we love playing live. A band is not a band without playing live."

How do you like all these screaming girls?

Mort: "As long as they hear the music between the screams, it is fine. We don't mind them."

Mags: "We are going to miss screaming once it dies down."

Are you going to play some unusual places on this tour?

Mort: "We hope to play Russia which we arenot so sure it would happen, but we'll definitely play in several Eastern European countries."

Such as?

Mort: "We don't know yet for sure because we are still talking about and the negotiations are going ahead. We hope that everything will work out in the end."

Mags: "Apart from that, we'll be playing the usual places, such as America, Japan, Australia and then Europe again."

Having seen you playing live, you only had three new numbers in your set; was that because you didn't have the time to rehearse, and, if that were the case, why were you so eager to get out on the road?

Mort: "We plan everything in advance and sometimes things don't run to plan. But, you still have to come out on a tour as there is a lot involved in it, financially as well as organization-wise. We'll know more songs by the time we come back to Britain.

Before the release of the album, were you apprehensive about the reception after a long lay-off period?

Mort: "We certainly have, as after every other record we released. Being away for a time being in this business is rather risky."

But the British charts proved that there was nothing to worry about.

Mags: "You said it."

Pal: "There are other markets, you know."

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WOODENTOPS walk their human highway

Rolo McGinty and I stand in the wind at the door of his newly acquired flat in the London area of Clapham. His door key is on the *other* side of the door, you see. Remembering the days he was a squatter, Rolo tries to force entry with a credit card.

No go, so with a quick sod off to the landlord, he plants his shoulder on the wooden door and breaks in.

Rolo has just told me that his band The Woodentops are better than The Doors. I hum a chorus of "Break On Through". How ironic: that's what Rolo hopes The Woodentops will do.

Rolo will spend all afternoon and half the evening exhausting his list of superlatives praising his band and their new LP *Wooden Foot Cops On The Highway*. Yes he did the same thing with their last one *Giant* but this time it looks as though Rolo's grandiose preconceptions are becoming flesh . . . at last.

Wooden Foot is the first Woodentops LP. Forget the restrained steps of *Giant* and the work in progress that *Hypnobeat*. This album captures all the extremes of the band, from wild abandon to romantic introspection, from express train rhythms to beatless cries of the heart. This is an experimental commercial album, and contradictory terms like that are the essence of The Woodentops. Don't take Rolo's word for it, take min. This is a giant LP.

Confidence soars: last year The Woodentops spent establishing themselves outside Britain. They had a live LP, tours through Japan, Europe and the States, recorded the LP in London, mixed it in New York and remixed the "Stop This Car" single at Yello's studios in Switzerland.

This year, he says, is the year to show what exactly The Woodentops are capable of. "We're sticking our necks out and I love it!" he laughs. For the world, he plays the clown, full of showbiz bullshit. Within, he's ambitious, an ex-hippie, an egomaniac and a very serious musician.

He doesn't disown *Giant* but admits that there were too many half-baked melodies and sounded too soft. It was also too much of a solo LP rather than the band's. Alice didn't play much on it (producer Bob Sergeant did most of the keyboards) and Rolo played a lot of the basslines.

Alice was sacked not too long after, and replaced by Anne Stephenson of The communards, leaving Rolo and Simon the only survivors of the original band. Are you ruthless Rolo?

"No, I find it very hard to be ruthless. But I've worked with people who've kicked my arse and I know it's good for you. It makes you more responsive as a musician, more responsible. Alice had to go on technical grounds. I miss her personally but it was a choice between her and the rest of the group."

(In other words, if you can't cut it, get off the train. That spells "ruthless" for me. OK, *pleasantly* ruthless).

Rolo describes himself as a melody man who likes rhythms. His current listening encompasses Tackhead, Public Enemy (naturally) and tapes of the NYC radio show *Red Alert*: "I like New York house when it gets raw, just a big bass drum and a synthesiser. I like it when it gets that crappy."

Rhythm is the essence of the new LP but Rolo deliberately used calibre musicians like Bernie Worrell and Doug Wimbish on the *least* funky track "Tuesday Wednesday", the latter the best End Of An Affair song you'll hear this year. The Worrell connection is intriguing, as the approach to dance music on Wooden Foot reminds me of the way Talking Heads moulded funk on *Remain In Light*. This he understands and gets close to NOW FUNK.

"What we're about is confidence, skill, excitement, entertainment . . .soul, S-O-U-L! That's soul in a completely white way with a total understanding of the black element. But there's no one more English: listen to the way I sing, the way I talk.

"People used to call us West Coast, I don't know what they were on, and others said it was like The Beatles. Now they won't know what to call us, which is just brilliant. Before it was 'charming', then 'crazy', then 'crazier'. Now it's 'perfect', it sounds like it loves you . . . "

— CAMPBELL STEVENSON

Anarchic disco? Ask S-EXPRESS

Seemingly coming out of nowhere, "Theme From S-Express" has not only roared up the English charts but ranks high on the local Clubland charts.

It's the sort of record that captures clubland on vinyl — the breathless excitement, the flashing lights, pounding bass, always the thrilling hint of sexual encounters . . . as one writer gushed "it's the best time you've ever had captured in six minutes of dancefloor fun."

Like Bomb The Bass, the man behind S-Express is also a disc jockey. Mark Moore is certainly one of London's busiest club DJs, working most nights of the week in an assortment of trendy nightspots like Heaven and the Mud Club, playing everything from rap and rare groove to euro-disco and house.

Mark will tell you he's a "non-musician". But his cosmopolitan musical taste and enthusiasm for the slightly bizarre aspects of nightlife gives S-Express its character.

S-Express is basically made up of talented people from London clubland. But it's his baby.

"S-Express is basically myself and singers Michelle and Chilo" he explains. "The rest is a pool of talent found around London's clubs.

"There's a wealth of talent in club-goers, and I wanted to get them involved, whether they be dancers or singers or whatever else. I'm excited by people who do things well. If I see someone dance well in a club, I'll go over and talk to them, because they're well worth knowing.

"If these people had been used on *Absolute Beginners*, it would have been a great movie."

Other members of S-Express, which varies from three to a dozen depending on the project, are rappers, DJs, pianists, trumpet players, even a bouzouki player. Actress Linda Love is a recent recruit, working with them on an art-film project.

Living the seventies: reflecting the current fashion trends, "Theme From S-Express" flirts with the '70s. The opening bars are taken from the Rose Royce disco classic "Is It Love You're After", the video is like an old psychedelic episode of British TV pop show *Top Of The Pops,* and flared trousers and wide rimmed hats are in evidence.

But Mark Moore says indignantly: "well, I don't see it as a '70s revival record! It's definitely a '80s record, though there are certain influences which other people are picking up on already. There's a new record out by The Beatmasters called "Burn It Down" which is great, but obviously they've picked up our '70s references and used them too.

"It is quite possible for a record in the '80s to use '70s references and still sound modern. We love the sounds from the '70s but at the same time we're influenced by House music, by Brian Eno even, the ambient experimental side of things.

"I'm a real fan of Acid-House, and if you listen to the b-side of the single, you'll find it quite ambient."

Rather Mark explains, what is best of the '70s fashion revival is not the clothes themselves but the idea of fun.

"I hate flares but it's people having fun. Nightclubs have become so serious, everyone's too sane. When people dress up 'avant garde' it gives a place atmosphere even if it is a bit false."

He groans that the '70s 'flares' tag is directed not only at S-Express but also at Bomb The Bass when they were joined onstage during a TV performance by a female dancer.

"She wasn't even wearing flares, she was just wearing platforms. People see the platforms and immediately see imaginary flares! Everyone says we're revivalist because of the image. Well, the image is a couple of people wearing '70s clothes because that's the predominant look in the clubs at the moment, and we're all club people, and we wear club clothes.

"It's just a laugh: it shouldn't be taken too seriously but it shouldn't be dismissed either."

Mark has just finished an eight minute freak out remix which he was originally going to do as a 18-minute rendition but got talked out of. It is freaky, it is psychedelic.

"Personally, I think in the record shops S-Express should not only be filed under 'Dance Music' but also in the 'Ambient' section along with Eno, John Cage, Can and people like that. We're that kind of an act . . . "

— STU COLEMAN

SWING CLUB: snap! crackle! pop!

The Swing Club's live career started when they played a heat for Melbourne Uni's Battle Of The Campus Bands mid last year. Surprising everybody, including themselves, they went on to win the final of the compeition.

First prize was the recording and pressing of 500 singles, which has since been completed and released as the outfit's debut, called "Let's Say Goodbye" b/w "Don't Need Money".

The band features a line-up unique in Melbourne, boasting two female singer/guitarists (Suzanne Conroy — lead vocals and guitar, Robyn Dickinson — lead guitar and vocal) along with drummer Shane Fitchet and bassist Jeff Powerlett.

Main songwriter, Robyn Dickinson, says that although the two-girl projection does attract attention, they have yet to encounter any of the male chauvinism which was presumed to be inevitable at the outset:

"A few years ago, when I first started playing in bands, there used to be a lot more comments made. People seemed pretty prejudiced about me being a girl guitarist and guys'd say thing like 'oh, can you really play?' or 'you're a good guitarist . . . *for a girl*'.

"But now there's hardly any of that at all. No-one really comments that much about the lineup. it is an attention getter, which can work to our advantage, 'cos there's not really any other bands doing the type of music we're doing, with girls singing. But the influx of females in rock over the past few years — the Bangles and the Go-Gos and the like — has changed people's views a bit and anyone who came and saw us would see that Suzanne and I can play and we contribute to the band. We're certainly not there just for decorative value."

The debut single is a jingle-jangle of sixties guitars and harmonies, which really only reveals one aspect of the band's overall sound.

In a live situation, the band places far more emphasis on energy and a sharper guitar attack. "I'm going back and listening to a lot of music from the sixties, because I was too young to really know about it at the time . . . stuff like Bob Dylan, Beatles and Rolling Stones, all of which has been a major influence for the past 20 years.

"But I think everyone's a bit sick of sixties revivalism. It seemed to reach a peak and then there was a backlash against it. I don't think we're particularly sixties influenced in the first place. People can say that there's elements of our sound that originated in the sixties — like girl group harmonies and kindda 'beat' music — but we weren't consciously influenced by the sixties.

"There's a lot of other bands around that you could say are directly influenced by the sixties and are emulating the sound of that era, but we were never one of those bands. We always saw ourselves as an eighties band and there's guitar pop in the eighties.

"I don't think we're gonna be in vogue, or out of vogue. I think various aspects of what we do *can* and *has* been done for the last three decades."

The Swing Club's choice of live cover material gives some clues to their eclectic influences. The set includes the Katrina and The Waves/Bangles song "Going Down To Liverpool", Tamla's "Money", some Go-Gos toons and even REM's "Strange", which only appeared on vinyl last year.

— ROBBIE COATES

BEAT GENERATOR

Out of the London nightclub scene comes a breed of DJs turned pop stars . . . names like M/A/R/R/S, Coldcut, S-Express (see opposite page) and Derek B. Jonathan Romney speaks to BOMB THE BASS, aka 19-year-old Tim Simenon

It's Sunday afternoon at Covent Garden's Pinapple studio, and not a pastel pink leotard in sight.

The line-up facing the big wall mirror is barely plausible. At the far end, Adele from Rhythm King Records holds her guitar for balance as she teeters precariously on '70s platform heels that even Ayshea would have thought twice about. In the middle, three black dancers with bleached hair, who go by the name of the Company, wield guitars and keyboards of assorted futuristic design. And on the right, 19-year-old Tim Simenon hops behind his turntables, a delighted grin barely visible beneath his furry hat.

Dead on cue, Bomb The Bass's monster sound punches out of the speakers and the assembled cast fall into the routine they're rehearsing for this week's *Top Of The Pops*.

Arms akimbo, Adele mouths the vocal line; the bleach boys abruptly down tools and bums hit the floor as they launch into an absurd Cossack dance *("Diss is how you play Russion roulette")*. As Tim ventures out from behind his deck and tentatively executes a chicken strut across the floor, he looks pleased as punch, and with good reason.

A few minutes later, photographer Chris Clunn is arranging him in the corner for a photo session. Tim disappears turtle-like into his hat as Chris does up his coat buttons for him. He looks as helpless as a Start-Rite kid being packed off to his first day at school.

We don't get to talk straight away — Tim has to rush off to a barmitzvah — but two days, and much radio-paging later, we're together behind locked doors in Rhythm King's Mute home.

Half Scottish, half Chinese, Tim is from Brixton but went to the private Forest school in the East End of London.

"Basically, it's an overspill. All the parents weren't that rich, but if they earned a few more bob, they could send their kids and tell people, 'Oh my kid goes to a private school'. It was Church of England, strict, it was very very competitive, a thousand boys.

"I was sort of laid back and didn't really do anything. I was good at sports and academically quite bright, which was good, because all the people who weren't that bright or good at sports got left behind. So really all the time you just had to strive for perfection. I knew I wasn't going to go into a professional career. I just knew I was going to be doing music."

Early age: a music fiend from an early age, Tim learnt piano up to Grade Three (he can play by ear, though he can't read music). His career at the decks started in the summer holidays after his O-levels — at first the odd gig, then Monday nights at Fouberts club, then weekends depping for absentee DJs. These days he's resident on Saturdays at the Wag.

He started acquiring his turntable skills about two years ago: "Just mucking around with ideas, nothing serious. Before that, I was mucking around on a keyborad and drum machine, 'cause I've always been into electronic music.

"Me and my next-door neighbour, over the weekend, we used to have a little jam — he'd bring his mates along and we'd all have little monophonic keyboards, just pink along, like Depeche used to do."

They still do!

"Yeah, but I've always liked Depeche. It's funny because when I first got into Depeche Mode, I though, 'Wow I'd love to be on Mute Records' and now I am."

Maybe you could beef up the Basildon boys a little? Some Bomb The Bass special mixes might be just the job.

"Yeah, I actually suggested that. I might just do it for my sake to see how it sounds. I don't know if Depeche Mode would be too happy about it, I might just put 15, 16 songs into a six-minute sample. The Beatmasters co-produced their last song, so they're not oblivious to what's happening on the scene."

To recap the strange, roundabout history of 'Beat Dis': Tim recorded it with engineer-bassist Emilio Pasquez (aka Pascal Gabriel) in two days in an East End studio, and with financial help from a friend, had 1000 pressed up in the US under the auspices of the Mister Ron label.

Five hundred were shipped back to England and sold in a week: "I thought, 'Hang about, it's doing better than I hoped'. So I took it to Rhythm King and said 'This is definitely going to be a No. 1 hit' and they liked it and put it out.

"I just wanted the record put out straight away. Basically, making records was always on the books as I'm on a studio engineering course up in Holloway. I don't really want to be a *face*, but I didn't think about it when I made it. Obviously it's good that it's done well, because people will associate me with Bomb The Bass, and I can use that name to produce further ventures.

Among further ventures to carry the Bomb The Bass tag (that's bombing as in graffiti) is the second single 'Megablast', released overseas in April.

"It's a bit rawer and I prefer it, actually," says Tim. A brief and muffled hearing of a rough mix confirms a similarly dizzy ball of confusion, take in b-b-buffalo scratching, 'Also Sprach Zarathustra', and chunks of Sly Stone.

The B-side features young rapper Merlin, who'll also be on Tim's projected cast-of-thousands LP.

"There'll be a girl singer doing a Joyce Sims kinds of track, we're working on a track at the moment called 'Demo 133', which is like a really raw house project. It'll be a sort of Hurby's Machine LP, really, rather than just hip hop, it'll be like a concept of a load of different things meshed together.

To dispel a little of the mystique hovering around 'Beat Dis' — how was it done?

"'Beat Dis' was basically my Top 20 dance records of '87 crammed into a six minute song. That's what it is basically, a Steve Spielberg production, just *ram-packed.*

"We got the records and found a common denominator beat — we chose roughly a range between 108 and 118, we laid down a beat at 114 bpm and slowed down or speeded up the tracks I was going to use. But what differs about this kind of 'street fusion' is that it isn't straight cut-up like a Double D & Steinski record, or Grandmaster Flash.

"It's in that form, but the bassline is original, we've got a drum pattern around it, and that sound like a Shaft guitar *isn't* Shaft. We sampled one note of wah-wah guitar and reconstructed it on the keyboards. You wouldn't be able to find that guitar pattern on any other record."

People have obviously drawn comparisons with 'Pump Up The Volume', but Tim's keen to stress the difference: "M/A/R/R/S was more of a song, more structured, basically a very heavy catchy bassline with samples cut on top of it, rather than *chunks* as with 'Beat Dis'."

Unlike the real-time cutting used on 'Pump . . . ', Tim's record is mostly sampled, a method that allowed him to play with such effects as a buzzsaw sound from the JBs' 'Blow Your Head'.The eagle-eared among you may spot, among the 25 or so samples, the Beastie Boys, a fleeting flash of Prince *("Shut up already!")* and of course, there's that BBC-style demonstration record, obligatory cargo these days for Journeys into Stereophonic Sound. What about the Russion roulette fragment?

"That's from another one. You know those demonstration records on how to work microwaves? Well, basically, it's a demonstration record on how to play Russian roulette."

A TV guide to Russian Roulette? God forbid!

"Er, well maybe not the BBC, it's more a joke I suppose. And the alarm noise is actually a Morse code. I put that in because I know how annoying it is to wake up to a Japanese beeping clock."

But sampling can be a dangerous game, as shown by the ongoing dispute between M/A/R/R/S and Stock Aitken & Waterman. Tim doesn't anticipate any copyright trouble, since his publishing deal with MCA should take care of that (they're also talking about using 'Beat Dis' for *Miami Vice*).

Has has no time for the frequently-aired equation of sampling and shoplifting — "Take James Brown, all of his records are being reissued. Kids of 18, 19 wouldn't have heard of him if it wasn't for hip hop. Same with things like Shaft or whatever."

The success of 'Beat Dis' could have an explosive effect especially considering how fast and cheap it was to make (less than $1000). An ideal manifesto to stir the nation's youth to action — although Tim's budget was a matter more of necessity than polemic.

But he's also wary about sampling fever burning itself out. Tim's success is going to open a lot of new paths, but it could close a few too — a major hit out of left-field often lays down the ground-rules for genre, rules which less talented emulators are likely to follow only too literally. Imagine a future in which everything has already been sampled, and all that remains is samples of samples of samples- . . . But Tim's already prepared for that.

"After 'Megablast' I won't be doing any more sampling, because I can write original ideas. But the records I'll be producing will be so *ram-packed* with *wild* ideas."

Records like 'Beat Dis' resemble the blast of quickfire information and sensation purveyed by late-night TV. Pop sociology has it that shows like *Night Network* and *Rock Arena* reflect young thought patterns' radically new speed of information intake.

"Yeah" he enthuses. "I *love* late night TV! Have you seen *RoboCop?* You know how they take the piss out of the American commercials? The record's on that level, it's so *ram-packed* with new fresh ideas."

What's out *there*, then, in the uncharted territory beyond 'Beat Dis'? Turning Tibetan chants into dance records, he fantasizes — "It might not work, but it'd be different" (and it'd go a treat with his hat). And of course, his pet category — *Street fusion* — it's a new thing. Obviously '88's going to be massive year for sampling, so they ought to have a separate chart. Basically what's happening now is like punk, all the kids are doing it."

TIM'S CHOICE CUTS

1 IT'S JUST BEGUN .....Jimmy Castor
2 LESSONS 1, 2 AND 3Double D & Steinski
3 STRONG ISLAND.....JVC Force
4 STONE TO THE BONE.....James Bronw
5 ALL THE LOVE I'M GIVING . Gwen McRae
6 FUNKY MUSIC IS THE THING .... Dynamic Corvettes

THIS AIN'T ROCK AND RO

— the gospel accord

Text:
by Murray Engleheart

Pix:
L. McAllister

"My three favourite loves are rock'n'roll, Kiss and Spiderman"

It's just before 9pm, a good three hours before the Hard-Ons are due to take a Sydney stage for the last time before launching an offensive on overseas shores. The footpath outside the Lansdowne Hotel is already littered with a large, obstructive gathering of the faithful, each of whom is dying for some action.

They're a motley bunch. A mixture of jagged souls proudly wearing the colours of thrash metal warlords such as Slayer, Kreator, Destruction, Hellmenn and, of course, the Hard-Ons, on their chests. A curious foursome arrive, hastily look over the tribal meeting before them, check their own expensive clothing and beat a quick retreat. Their horror was nothing to the offence the hordes generally, and the Hard-Ons in particular, would have taken had they hung about. A concrete garbage container had by this time been pushed onto the first lane of the ever-busy City Road, its contents strewn over the roadway.

Ray Arhn, the Hard-Ons' handsome Korean-born bassist, is just inside the entrance to the venue. He is, as he does all evening, fielding shouted greetings and affectionate grabs on the arm with a smile and a seeming memory of each one. Arhn plucks me from the looming jaws of the cash register.

I glanced over my shoulder at the ever-growing queue I had left behind. Do the Hard-Ons always have a lot of people on the doorlist, I asked.

"Sometimes," Arhn replied with a broad grin; then, with no small degree of pride, "Tonight we've got 25. We've got a lot of friends."

Tim Pittman, Hard-Ons and Mass Appeal manager, sound wiz and generally maitre de who was also the Eastern Dark's manager, has his hair typically pulled tightly back into a ponytail. He hovers about the cash register eyeing the influx of punters and selling Hard-Ons' T-shirts that are a parody of the cover of Kiss album cover, *Rock'N'Roll Over*.

The Hard-Ons are nothing if not fans, and are wildly supportive of friends such as The Spunk Bubbles and The Hellmenn and others who hold high the notion of rock'n'roll as a full-tilt exercise in adrenalin, sweat and fun.

The practice of turning up half an hour before showtime is simply not on the Hard-Ons' agenda. Tonight, they soundcheck at roughly 7.30 and, instead of leaving the premises, the trio makes a point of hanging about to see the first of the night's acts. Little wonder then that when young hardcore outfit, My Heart Bleeds For You climbs onto the cramped stage that it is Arhn who leads the charge towards the stage area.

Only when Arhn's pretty blonde girlfriend appears and cuddles up to him is the lad's attention diverted from the stage. By the time My Heart closes its set the room is uncomfortably crowded with those who have paid their money now facing the struggle of actually getting into the venue.

Outside, a white Alfa pulls up and two designers ripped and torn punks climb out. A sickening sight that flies wildly in the face of absolutely everything that the Hard-Ons proudly represent. Former Eastern Dark members, Bill Gibson and Geoff Milne arrive; members of the Spunk Bubbles and Happy Hate Me Nots mingle about. Sydney's rock'n'roll savages Asylum give their all for a good hour and stagger off. A guy with a bloodied nose spread the width of his face pushes toward the relative tranquility of the footpath. The Hard-Ons' willowy drummer, Keish, and wild-haired guitarist, Blackie, socialise in a state of constant motion through the packed room.

The crowd outside has by this time split onto the roadway, and 50 or so have gathered across the road on the wall on the perimeter of Victoria Park. Inside, the scene is one of furious activity as the crowd, almost as one, moves forward and takes up prime positions. Blackie is already on stage, crouched before his single-quad box, tuning up. His shirt, omen-like is already off. It's 12.15, and over 500 have made their way through the door.

With no ceremony whatsoever, the Hard-Ons move onto the stage and immediately kick hard at the overdrive switch, an act robbed of its full impact by a lack of PA for part of their opener. But it's quickly fixed and they swirl into their electric storm. But, with the PA restored to its best lug-ringing behaviour, the Hard-Ons and a Hell-bent battalion before them are the composite scene.

Forget California or the UK as hardcore punk capitals or strongholds. This is Sydney, and this is happening right now. A kind of unspoken phenomenom that only takes shape and loudly presents itself after the stroke of ten at night. In this speed-thrills kingdom, the Hard-Ons are supreme. With fun the paramount objective, the trio intersperses razor pop sensibilities with monster riffing drawn as much from Zeppelin as SNFU, the Ramones and Black Flag. And the band is a cult, a movement perhaps, above, or at least on a par with being a rock'n'roll band.

Occasionally, songs are linked or bonded together by gales of feedback from Blackie's overcranked amp. The guitarist goes about his task with the ferocity of an axe murderer; the days of leering hungrily at an audience and pinching his bare nipples in a laughingly obscene manner were not openly evident tonight. Keish performs with superhuman vigour, having to not only keep a faultless breakneck speed and precision but also to handle lead vocals, all without the aid of oxygen. Arhn, on stage right, acts out his lifelong ambition and leaps about urging on his colleagues and being inspired by them.

After the two-dozen-song-plus set, the masses move out into the 2.00am chill. Blackie is again crouched before his amp, this time with ladyfriend, Fiona of the Mothers. The pair talk quietly for some time, while Keish dries himself off with a towel that bears his name and kisses two blonde well-wishing ladies goodbye. The area that was, an hour before, a scene of breathless activity, is now sparse, empty and more than a little lonely.

Several days later two thirds of the Hard-On machine, friends since school, Blackie and Ray Arhn are clashing as only real mates are able. The disagreement is not over who was late to one of the band's three-monthly rehearsals, or who screwed up at the Lanesdown gig, or even who really owns the Corrosion of Conformity singlet. No, the central issue is the worth or otherwise of autographs.

Blackie: " . . . signing shoes, it's really embarrassing."

Ray: "It's ridiculous."

Blackie: "I don't think it's ridiculous. If you went to Motorhead wouldn't you like Lemmy to sign?"

Ray: "I think it's really weird because we're 22 and signing things. It doesn't seem right."

Blackie: "If you went to see Kiss and you went backstage I'm sure you'd ask them to sign your arse. If Gene Simmons signed my bum I'd wanna tattoo it. It's really embarrassing, but . . ."

Ray: "But we're not that big, that's the thing. We're just a pissy little band."

Blackie: "To some people we're not."

For the Hard-Ons, since their beginnings in 1982, rock'n'roll has always gone beyond entertainment (though fun is their real objective) to class war. Their conversation and posters are littered with and accentuated by passionate and venomous references to trendies, artheads and an unfeeling establishment generally.

Could it be that, in spite of their youth, the Hard-Ons almost exclusively maintain the revolutionary social platform that had parents cringing 10 and 25 years ago respectively?

The band that used to wear thongs and ugg boots on stage in defiance of punk's accepted and totally blinkered code of behaviour has come a long way since its days at the Illinois Hotel and definitive EP, *Surfin On My Face*. Their Waterfront releases, the *Smell My Finger* mini LP is available in the US, with the inclusion of the single, "Girl In A Sweater", all under the title of The Hard-Ons. The *Hot For Your Love* LP is available in Europe as *The Worst Of The Hard-Ons* and the totally killer new LP, *Dickcheese* is available in Europe and soon in the US.

The fan mail has been solid for some time from the overseas punters. Logically, then, the trio is presently in the midst of a tour that

OLL, IT'S CLASS WARFARE!

ling to The Hard-Ons

will take in the UK, Europe and the States twice each and will no doubt leave scores whiplashed in its wake. But what motivates the band? For Ray Arhn there is a comic connection.

"I bought a bass before I joined these guys in the band, because my hero was . . . Gene Simmons. I used to draw Gene Simmons all the time on bits of paper and bring them to school. I ended up buying a Gibson Grabber bass like Simmons had. Kiss really got me into the idea of us being rock stars on stage.

"They weren't just a band, they were superheroes and comic heroes. I used to read heaps of Marvel Comics with Spiderman as guest star and I thought, f..k, this is incredible, three of my favourite loves: rock'n'roll, Kiss and Spiderman in one."

Blackie: "Mine was seeing the Pistols doing 'Pretty Vacant' on Sounds. I used to listen to AC/DC and I liked them heaps, but I used to think there must be something more than this. When I heard the Pistols, the next day I went down to Anthem Records at (then) Town Hall Station and I bought the album and I asked the guy what else is good. He said The Damned and The Clash, and I just freaked out. I went straight over to Keish's place and said 'Look, man, I wanna buy a guitar and form a band'."

The average age of the Hard-Ons is 22. Ray was thrown out of the Sundowner Hotel in 1980 when he desperately tried, at the ripe old age of 14, to get in to see The Ramones. His mother wouldn't let him travel into the city by train to see the brothers at the Capitol (bless it) Theatre.

Blackie: "Me and Keish had to sneak out to see The Clash; we wanted to be punk rockers. We didn't want his parents to see so we had bags full of these jackets and chains and stuff and went round the corner of the street and put all these clothes on and Keish's dad busted us."

The Hard-Ons' commercial artworks on their record covers landed them in a cauldron not long ago, the main offender being the cover for the scorching pop single, "Girl In A Sweater".

The sexist tags flew thick and fast and the band stood its ground, saying the cover was a satire of the super macho covers that seem to wrap a lot of metal releases. But their critics weren't appeased. So, if the concept was a joke, shouldn't it have been more blatant, or at least clarified? The matter is still a raw nerve.

Blackie: "We don't have to make anything obvious to anyone. People can read what they want. I'm not narrow minded about anything and I don't expect anyone else to be either."

Ray: "It wouldn't be rock'n'roll then, would it? Our job is to play music, not to be comedians."

Isn't it a matter of responsibility?

Blackie: "No way. We don't have to do anything for anyone except for ourselves."

Ray: "Someone does a painting of a man sticking a guitar into someone's stomach and if you stuck it up in the Opera House all the rich arseholes would go 'ahh, this is real art, this is classical'. Put it on a rock'n'roll record and they'll say this is sexist crap. If you do a painting, you're not gonna write on the bottom 'don't get this wrong, it's not sexist crap, it's a joke, blah, blah, blah'."

Ray climbs down off the table and attempts to regain his composure. The band has no regrets, says Blackie. If anything, he believes it was all good publicity and if people are stupid enough, well . . . hmmm.

Before they departed for overseas they were given the benefit of experiences of Celibate Rifle Kent Steedman and New Christ Rob Younger regarding international touring.

Ray: "Kent advised us to take $2000 each; get that Blackie?" (laughter).

Blackie: "Vicious Circle said to take tons of T-shirts because you wouldn't believe the way you sell them at gigs. We can't take any over, but when we get there we'll print some up."

With an audience as large and as devoted as the Hard-Ons', should the band be doing more with its power?

Ray: "Most of our letters come from little kids under 18."

Doesn't that come back to a question of responsibility?

Ray: "Nah, because we were little kids too. The Pistols used to be offensive and we didn't grow up to be demented or perverts or maladjusted. Kids aren't that dumb, honestly."

Blackie: "We're still kids, so it's hard to preach to people. I get letters from young kids, 16 and 17-year-olds, saying, gee it's funny, your artwork and stuff, you must have really pulled one over all the trendies' eyes. Then you get letters from 20 and 21-year-olds and they say your records are really crap, why do you insist on being like this. So I write back to the older people and say you're so f..king thick."

But if it creates problems, then why persist with it?

Ray: "Because to us we're outside that controversy. We've got nothing to do with the controversy. That controversy is caused by the media and the morons who want to see us die."

Blackie: "The only thing we get is from real dumb ignoramous uni people and alternative people and wankers who, one day they're protesting for land rights, and the next they're protesting for f..king whales or save rainforests."

By this point I am sweating profusely and my nervous twitch is on overdrive.

But aren't you doing it to get a rise, a reaction out of people?

Blackie: "Sometimes."

Ray: "Not really. Sometimes it's fun to watch people run around like chooks with no heads, saying this is crap, this is crap."

So why do it?

Ray: Because it proves a point, doesn't it? It proves that they're being stupid and have played into our hands."

Blackie: "I get a real kick out of offending arseholes, too. I remember when that Monty Python movie, *The Meaning Of Life* came out. They got heaps of shit about it and one of the guys, I think it was Eric Idle, said we just can't help ourselves, we find a guy vomiting and exploding in a restaurant and 20 buckets of vomit incredibly funny. Okay, we're warped, but we can't help that. Same as us. When Ray shows us some of his artwork we piss ourselves laughing."

Ray: "We're just a bunch of shit stirrers, that's all it js, and it comes out in our art and our lyrics."

Blackie: "Image is so important to us, so whenever we do present ourselves, it's always in a funny way."

Blackie is a sports nut. Away from the buzz of the amps you'll find him swimming, running or doing martial arts training. Ray is the artist and eternal rock'n'roller. And, as a band, they seem to challenge, even threaten, some audiences, with flying bottles, abuse and threats of violence the end result.

The problem, says Blackie, is not as bad as it was, though travelling interstate playing to audiences for the first time remains a little unnerving at times. The problem, it seems, stems as much from the band's mixed racial background as it does from its attitude.

Blackie: "I never get stuff thrown at me; it's always Ray or Keish. Actually Ray gets the bulk of it. Keish doesn't get anything because he's too much of a smoothy. In Sydney we don't get it at all. In Brisbane there are a lot of skinheads who are still like that. When we toured with The Stupids, their bass player got so much I couldn't believe it. I thought 'what's gonna happen when we get up' and we got nothing."

Ray: "In Queensland this humungous skinhead came up and threw this can of beer at me, and I just went bang and it bounced off my knuckles and I went *rrrrrrr* at him. It was an accident but he thought I was a martial arts expert or something."

Looking out into a Hard-Ons' audience, could it all go out of control?

Blackie: "Sometimes I wish it would. It's amazing, people do that (slam) and they really, really get hurt. I rarely hear about people getting badly hurt, but there are cases, of course . . ."

Ray: "Broken arms and stuff."

Blackie: "It's just such a full-on energy. If we were in the audience we'd be doing exactly the same thing. It's like when we go to see a band like Mass Appeal. Like the other night, you're playing and you look up and there's a mass of bodies. It's just pure energy. People know the risk. If they get beat up a bit they don't even care; I never do, I mean you do that playing football."

Ray: "You don't see it at a Chad's Tree gig."

So, what's the wildest thing that's ever happened to the Hard-Ons?

Ray: "Amanda Dole turned up to a gig." (Amanda features on the cover of the *Hot For Your Love* LP).

Blackie: "In Adelaide this chick told me to take off my pants, that was pretty wild. And a chick threw her bra at Keish in Geelong, that was pretty funny. But the wildest thing is . . ."

Blackie reached over and turned off the tape recorder in a gleeful act of self censorship.

"Stick a photo of a man sticking a guitar into someone's stomach and stuck it up in the Opera House, it's a Real Art. Put it on a rock and roll record and it's Sexist Crap"

"Responsibility to fans? We were Pistols fans, and we didn't end up peverted"

HOW I CURBED MY EGO

Boy, that's a heading you never thought you'd see over a DAVE LEE ROTH feature! But Jackie Tyler was there and swears that it's true.

Dave Lee Roth, the Eternal Teenager, doesn't talk about Van Halen much these days . . . but today he's giggling as he talks about the time he busted his foot executing a leap for the back cover shot of *Van Halen II*

"I went to the hospital, and they patched me and they gave me this paper for patients, which had a list of injuries and what to do. You know, if you had a foot injury and it started swelling up in the mornings, then you came back to hospital. Or if you had a hand injury, and it started to hurt every time you lifted it, then you called your doctor.

"Then it got to the head injuries. It said 'if you wake up in the morning and you feel nausea, vomiting dizziness, disco-ordinated, confused, all that . . .' and I said 'wow! I've felt like that for the last six years, man! I've got*head injuries'!*"

With Roth, it's all or nothing. His music has to be the most colorful, his videos the flashiest, his ass the cutest, his mouth the biggest, his band the hottest.

It's almost appropriate that he should be living in Hollywood, the place where the most over-the-top fantasies one day come true.

"One thing people tend to overlook about me is that they're so taken up with the Diamond Dave or Dave The Lip image that they forget that I'm very ambitious. And quite disciplined. Y'know, I don't get up on the same minute every day but I do get to where I say I'll be at the right time.

"I'm getting more and more control over my career. It's funny, but of my peers, the more they get older, the more they delegate. A record needs to be produced, OK, get a record producer and ask him what sound he can get for me. A video needs to be done? OK, here's the bread, get the best in the business and ask him what image I should have.

"But I do the production, I do the videos, every aspect of what I do. I have advisers, but that's all they — advise me."

Tumbling dice: Roth hasn't stopped running for more than 12 years, since he fronted Van Halen, and obviously was a major part of their rise to megaplatinum status.

One of the instant attractions of the band to the American public was the suntanned, cocksure, very Californian way that Roth exuded. The stories about the steady flow of brown-limbed girls and acts of such physical prowess as trekking through the New Guinea mountains or climbing huge mountains added to the allure.

But when he paraded his ego so blatantly, why hasn't it swallowed him the way it's swallowed so many of his loud-mouthed peers?

The answer, surprisingly, shows a degree of maturity that Roth's public image wouldn't suggest.

"A lot of people blur Ego and Self Confidence, that's where the problem starts. Some people think it's healthy to picture themselves as the centre of the universe, they think the decisions that they make will be most beneficial to you.

"I don't believe that. I learned to picture myself *smaller* than I am. The history of the world doesn't change in the slightest over how long the guitar solo on the next Dave Lee Roth single is, or anything like that.

"So, once you accept that you're just a small part of the total scheme of things, then you're fine. You just get on with taking chances. The world's not going to be affected, but YOU are. So you lead with your face.

"I think the main thing in life is to enjoy the moment. If you're going for the pot of gold rather than the ride, then you're gonna reach that pot of gold and be disappointed. Enjoy each day, so when the pot of gold doesn't turn out to be gold or as big a pot as you hoped, then it doesn't matter, 'cos you had a lot of laughs getting there.

"I don't wanna end up like Elvis — once he made it, the last 10 or 15 years of his life were an anti-climax. Finally, if you believe the stories, he bowed out wearing a giant nappy, face down in the bathroom from a poisoned cheeseburger!"

Does he feel people are trying to get past the image, trying to find a chink in the armour?

"Oh sure, but I don't think that just applies to me, or to someone with my personality, or to someone who's in the business I am.

"Every single one of us has a persona for the world, whether it's to stop people from realising that you're terribly shy or tremendously ruthless or whatever. Human beings have a great capacity for being influenced by things around them, whether it's friends, neighbours or just characters on TV series.

"I was kinda lucky 'cos when you're in a rock and roll band, you're given an image or persona anyway, and what I do is . . . well, it's hard to live up to the image, so it's better to have an image where you're being as true as you can to yourself. That is, the image is not to have an image, and to draw your personality out.

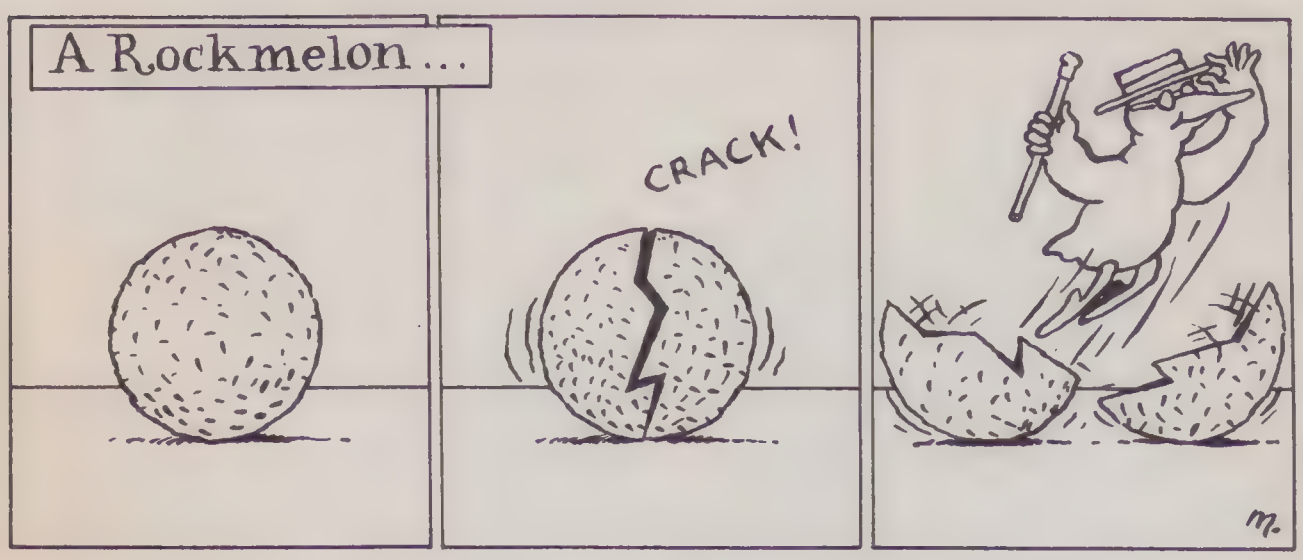
"I've got no problems with going out in the street. I goof around a lot, go into the supermarket. I laugh when I read Motley Crue really feeling sorry for themselves 'aw man, I can't go down to the local 7-11 any more'. That's cos the dude's in full make-up, wearing his full studded leather space-age costume!

"You wear shades, you whip your hair under a hat, and just cruise down to the local, and no one hassles you. It's like age — I can't do this forever, not like this. Just work out which bits of you are Peter Pan, and the other bits are growing more mature, and work out what's good for you."

Right now, with *Skyscraper* and his hot band on a world tour, Roth is on a high. Yet there are storm clouds. He still needs to prove he can out-draw and out sell, which he has yet to do.

He still wants to make his movie *Crazy From The Heat*, which he wanted to do 2½ years ago, to launch his post-Halen solo career in a spectacular way. But at the last minute, sponsors CBS got cold feet and pulled out, leading to a long entanglement. Roth got a big settlement . . . but he says being paid damages was never the point.

"Getting the money wasn't the issue, I just wanted to make the movie. I could have done it then, but now with the band and the tour, I'm not sure if I'm ever gonna have time to do it. It would have been perfect to have done it then."



Rockmelon's debut album "Tales of the City" out now on CD, cassette and album.

Features the hit singles Rhymes, New Groove, What's It Gonna Be?

TRUE TONE

EMI

ROCKMELONS
Tales Of The City
(True Tone/EMI)

In the Rockmelons' city orchard, the GROOVE is boss.

The electronic funk-jive, pulse of *Tales Of The City* is a feet-over-thought boogie, with a message: if all else fails GET DOWN.

Like the bright copper sunset of the LP's back cover, Rockmelons bring hues of hope and joy to a dark and menacing city skyline, *"I can't let it get me down"* they holler across a crowded dancefloor; assisting the exorcism of work-day demons and changing frowns to smiles.

The Rockmelons run like a city bank, with plenty of electronic computer wizardry to keep things together out the back, and a human face out front for that "personal touch".

It's an amalgum of dancefloor eras, combining an Al Green vocal, with a pulsating sequenced-bass, buzz-saw analog synth sounds, happy harmonies . . . and they've even dragged a voice box out of Frampton's high school foot locker.

Lyrically, it's Fun vs City-adversity:

"Oh, come on girl,
The world is at your feet,
Love and happiness,
That is all you need,
Hey, no matter what,
I will still be there,
So I'm telling you,
Get back on the groove . . ."

— "Get Back On The Groove".

PREVIEW exclusive

Rhyme and the city solution

The laid-back mid-tempo groove of the merry Melons, never renders the air hot and difficult to breathe, instead the temperature is raised slowly with it's persistent funk-stomp, making just enough noise to drown out an irritating DJ and all the time scanning the surrounding merriment from what feels like a hundred miles away.

Despite a derivative undertone, John Kenny's warm, soulful vocal is the string which ultimately ties the Rockmelons' sound together, his occasional ad-lib wailings securing the humanistic knot.

The band's two successful singles "Rhymes" and the optomistic "New Groove" are included on the nine-track elpee.

Techno-fear creeps in as the voice box takes over in "Boogietron", but for some variation in the "real" vocal attack, Wendy Matthews is employed for the Pointer Sister-ish "Jump".

Predominately self-produced, *Tales Of The City* is a strong and consistent debut effort for a band content to stay within the strict guidelines of the dancefloor groove.

As a *listening* LP, things can get a little tedious by the time you reach the closing track, but the disc was hardly designed for singalongs. The essentially transient melodies, busy rhythmic arrangements and funky rhythms are aimed at your feet, *brudder*.

Get down.

BYRON SMITH

MSG
Bad Timing
(EMI)

MSG used to stand for the Michael Schenker Group. Now it stands for McAuley Schenker Group, with credit now shared with singer Robin McAuley. On paper it looks as though this could be a great partnership.

After all, put Schenker's biting axework with McAuley's vocal range and you could get a killer LP.

No, *Bad Timing* ain't that killer album. The songs lack any kind of bite. No doubt this blues-based boogie is a perfect vehicle for the two, but it hasn't translated on vinyl.

McAuley's failed to bring the best out on Schenker, which means the guitarwork throughout is lethargic and hardly inspirational. Is Schenker dry after the two solo albums? Should he consider the much rumoured plans to put the original UFO back together?

SIMON MAYNARD

WAS NOT WAS
What Up Dog
(PolyGram)

Weird? No weird? After all the eccentric left of centre things that Was (Not Was) started out with, it certainly was an eye-opener when the duo and their silk-throated soul recruit Sweet Pea Atkinson came up with that novelty "Walk The Dinosaur" which started out in Australia as a huge club smash, then broke the radio barriers and imbedded itself in the Top 40. There was also another dance gem "Spy In The House Of Love" which was also big in the clubs but didn't rise as high on the Top 40.

So what had gone wrong? Had Dave'n-'Don lost control of their ship? Would they spend the rest of their careers rewriting soul cliches?

What Up Dog? puts paid to all that. Even with the inclusion of "Walk The Dinosaur", it is a triumph, a collection of witty observations of the more, uh, eccentric side of American life. Among the highlights are the touching "Somewhere In America There's A Street Named After My Dad", the rib tickling *Readers Digest* version of the Kennedy assassination on "11 Miles An Hour" and two losers in "Shadow And Jimmy" yearning for chicks.

I'm not sure if the people who turned on to "Dinosaur" because of its "boom boom acka-lacka lacka boom" will find the album satisfying, but those with as partiality for music that moves the feet and the head will enjoy this.

MARK CROMELIN

TSK TSK TSK
Club Video
TSK TSK TSK
No Dance
(Present Records)

Club Video. Strange about this heavy-duty dance music that sounds even better off the dance floor. The lay-out is simple. The backbone is some mighty good drum-programming that pumps, kicks and shows great invention. Over this are some well placed snippets of other people's music. The stolen goods are listed boldly on the cover; strange bedfellows like, Len Bernstein, Black Sabbath, Haircut 100, Glen Miller, Heaven 17, the B52s, PiL, etc, etc. Somehow it all comes together. These pieces are cut out, screwed up, chewed up, and glued to each other to create weird and wonderful sound sculptures. The segments are used like riffs in conventional music, repeating at set intervals, giving form to the collage. The end result is strangely rivetting.

Created as a soundtrack to a cut-and-paste collection of movie micro-shorts, the music stands up strongly away from its visual accompaniment. Originally recorded in 1985 it's *still* way ahead of its time. Dancing to this would be perfect for an imaginative limb swinger. This is left field dance music with a sense of humour and the only thing I'd *ever* consider doing aerobics to!

No Dance: Cold, stark and not as readily accessible as *Club Video.* Recorded in 1982, its age has dimmed its charm a little, but it still sounds modern, in comparison to much of today's homogenised dance music. But hang on; what sort of dance music goes under a title like this? According to the blurb, this is an *"album especially for all those who dance without moving their feet"*. Make of that what you will.

This time Tsk Tsk Tsk do weird things with instruments rather than bits of records. The result is not quite as successful. Like *Club Video, No Dance* is a soundtrack. Here I think that the visuals would be a great asset to the music. The minimalistic approach leaves lots of holes that are interesting, but are hard work to look into.

On both these mini albums there is a primitive sophistication that is engaging. Highly recommended for the strangest of parties.

STEPHEN ANDREW

MARTINI RANCH
Holy Cow (WEA)
UNDERWORLD
Underneath The Radar (WEA)

Y'all know how Jethro, Jed, Elli-May an' all struck it rich and moved to Beverley? (Hills, that is) Well if they ever got bored making TV sit-coms and had a bash at the music biz, it would probably sound like this. *Holy Cow* is simply ten extended blip-verts with subliminal "buy-buy-buy-now" messages; a twelve inch, hi-tech, sequenced, multi-midied, wizz banged corn fritter. Mark Motherbaugh and Bob Casale from Devo and Cindy Wilson from the B52s help out on the album.

Both these bands have some moments of real magic often sandwiched between some unbelievable dross. Martini Ranch fail to rise above this later level. Ideas that would have made dubious song *lines*, are expanded into whole songs. Attempted humour litters the disc. All that's missing is the canned laughter. The self conscious *"my ain't we the wackiest bunch of guys in the west"* routines and sound-effects wear thin very quickly. Extremely annoying . . .

Which is more than I can say about Underworld. They're not extremely anything! These guys somehow use their instruments to create something akin to the effect of silence. Nothing happens. This is even too boring for radio programmers. One day in about eight to ten years time when you're wandering up the breakfast cereal aisle at your local superdupermarket, you will hear Underworld being pumped through the stores sound system. And you won't even be aware of it.

Truly music of the future. On the positive side, if you're playing in a band and are having trouble landing a record deal, these two records indicate that Sire are desperate for talent.

STEPHEN ANDREW

SINGLES

EDITED BY AL WEBB

THE KANE GANG
What Time Is It
(London)
One of my fave LP's of '85 was their *The Bad And Low-down World Of The Kane Gang* set. A band who have the happy knack of writing songs that stand outside the trends of the time. Now the bad news. This one just doesn't have the magic of the early record (remember "Small Town Creed" and "Respect Yourself"?) and makes The Kane Gang sound much blander than they are. Pity.

CUT THE CHEESE
Sand In My Shoe
(Flamingo)
Curio from an Aussie outfit. Rhythm comes from a light skippety drum machine, the vocal out on its own, not having to compete with much of anything to hold the focus. An exercise in minimalism, but with its roots in pop art more than *art* art.

THANKS FOR THE FISH
Is It Strange
(Mighty Boy)
Despite the great name, an unadventurous attempt to blend the varied fields of folk, jazz and rock. Vocal's pretty transparent and the rest lacks any real personal stamp or signature. People who make records should always ask themselves the question: why would anyone else want to listen to (buy) this record? If you can't answer that, forget it.

LEVEL 42
Children Say
(Polydor)
One of the more underrated UK bands around. White boys combining soul with an intelligent pop attitude, in much the same way as Robert Palmer. They mightn't have Palmer's dynamite, but they're probably better musoes, making music with curves rather than right angles. Slick stuff that doesn't reek of studio manufacture.

DAVID HALLYDAY
He's My Girl
(Scotti Bros)
Disco rock from a spunk rock star who's obviously taken production lessons from Robbie Nevil. Kinky lyrics, all about finding your girl's not really a girl at all. Which probably makes it taboo for conservative radio.

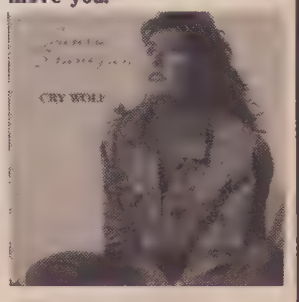
WAS NOT WAS
Spy In The House Of Love
(Mercury)
Some modern producers find it hard not to be commercial. Was Not Was are one such team. They also retain a kind of soul credibility in the face of tempting pop sell-out. This is a tailor-made dance floor job. Hook's big enough for radio, even if it's not the novelty song "Dinosaur" was . . . not was.

SINEAD O'CONNOR
Mandika
(Chrysalis)
New lady singer, another with a bald pate. Falling into the "'Rock — General" category, a song that highlights the lady's considerable vocal range. Self-produced backing rollicks along at a likeable pace, but it's like a toe in the water- . . . just testing. Neither great nor abysmal. It's got me tantalised, and that's something.

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
These Early Days
(Blanco Y Negro)
Slick little nighclubbish sort of thing. Soft rock for cool adults, an interesting female voice over a skippety, almost transparent backing. Neat, sweet, petite.

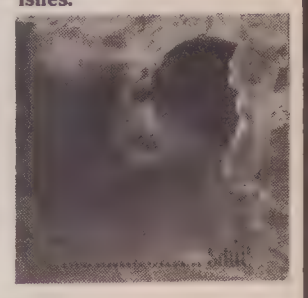
LOVE AND ROCKETS
No New Tale To Tell
(Big Time)
A new band, more interesting than most. Great blend of a Lloyd Cole-like intro before building into a memorable, gutsy kind of chorus out of the simple line in the title. This band probably gets more power dynamics out of acoustic guitars than other bands do out of electrics.

LAURA BRANIGAN
Cry Wolf
(Atlantic)
Slow, pleading balled that's probably more at home with her current hotel/cabaret career than any of her past gear. The conventional big ballad for the gal with the big voice. Strangely devoid of anything to move you.



PEPSI & SHIRLIE
All Right Now
(Polydor)
A version of the old Free (Paul Rodgers) track. Heard the original on the radio recently — great track, terrible production. This is the New Generation model, quite at home in a TV commercial for Pepsi (the one without the Shirlie). To their credit, they've remained faithful to the gritty, coarse guitar riff that nails this classic together. Bit like keeping the facade and building a skyscraper behind it.

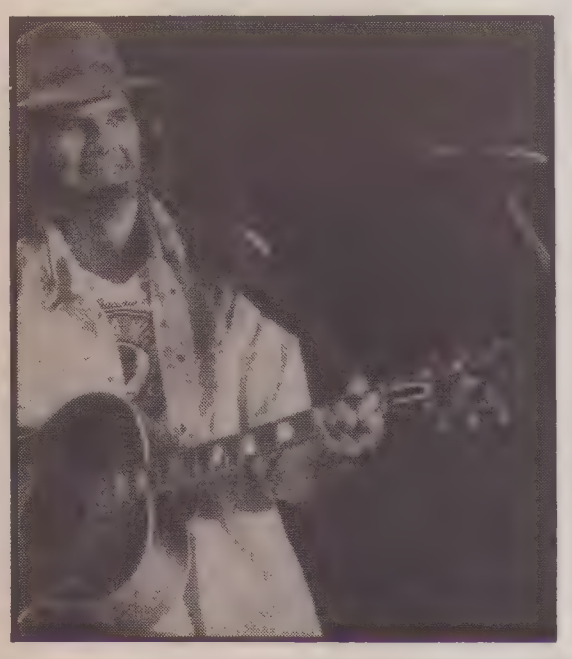
SADE
Love Is Stronger Than Pride
(Epic)
Surprise surprise — a cool, sultry ballad. Some things never change. Still, there is a certain magic in the style if you're into it enough to notice, the differences. Pesonally, I reckon that glorious first LP is where this lady's career starts and finishes.



DEPECHE MODE
Route 66
(Mute)
It's the retread season again. Oldies being resurfaced and put back on the road as newies. This R & B chestnut-to-beat-all-chestnuts was of course a Stones' classic but dates back to the fifties. Depeche Mode have turned it into a menacing, electronically powered dance tune. A rage on the dance floors. A stiff everywhere else.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN
Bedbugs And Ballyhoo
(Sire)
Return to form for one of the better British bands to come out of the halycon "new wave" era in the early eighties. Not afraid to toy with unusual instrumentation, always with a strong central focus around Ian McCulloch's voice.

Neil finds the blues



exclusive PREVIEW

NEIL YOUNG AND THE BLUENOTES
This Note's For You
(WEA)

Woke up this mornin' and found myself listening to a Neil Young album. At least, I think it's a Neil Young album 'cos it says so on the sleeve and nobody else has such an appealing-appalling, wayward reed of a voice. But this is a new Neil. Not the sour-pussed bleat-poet of *Harvest* days, the would-be hard rocker of *Re-ac-tor*, nor the down-homey country boy given to *Old Ways*.

Nope, this time around, Toronto's favourite son has donned the appropriate shades and Belushi-approved hat to become a Blues Brother, replete with brass section and the sort of guitar licks that spell out names like Muddy and John Lee. Mind you, Neil won't admit that this is purely and simply a blues album. The roundel on the lower back sleeve explains all. "The dawn of power swing" it reads. As well it might. Certainly if there's a swing riff to be had, The Bluenotes pick it up, use it to punctuate every Young guitar solo or vocal line, then dump the little rascal lovingly on its backside, still gasping for breath.

Not that everything is powerhouse stuff. 'Coup De Ville' is one for the early-morning hipsters, club-creepers, those who shuffle back through skyscraper-shadowed streets, seemingly wary that dawn's rays will turn them into permanent straights. 'Can't Believe You're Lying' also pans out as an escapee from some smoke-filled jazz rehearsal club while the intro to 'Only Thing' is Wes, the whole Wes and nothing but the Wes.

Elsewhere the music is downright, hard-nosed, bright and shiny R&B with Neil explaining all you really need to know on the opening 'Ten Men Working': *"We gotta dig the groove/We're gonna hammer the blues/Got to make you feel all right"* he proclaims as the brass team lurches ever-forward. And he and his Bluenotes groove-dig and blues-hammer in such effective and enjoyable manner that they take the resulting album into 'Record Of The Year' territory. Then, when you're on a mission from God, such things are likely. Somewhere up there, I bet ol' Jake Blues is dancin' his pointy shoes off.

— FRED DELLAR

THE GODFATHERS
Birth School Work Death
(CBS)

There's always been an intense passion exploding within The Godfathers' work, a chew and spit philosophy which leaves the band bloated and the listener crumpled before becoming angrily re-energised.

You never see The Godfathers smile. Their music makes you aware of arrogance, the poker-playing drug snorting epitome of rock'n'roll: *"Am I going forwards or am I coming back/Let's face it I've been going forever/When am I coming down?"*

It's never rewarding (in the productive sense) listening to The Godfathers. Instead, you reap a harvest of hate, ambition, bitterness, distrust — destructive qualities that encourage you to curl up and die in the bosom of the group rather than to channel energy and anger beneficially.

The Godfathers sound is chords and clippings, though "Love Is Dead", the title track, "Obsession" and "If I Only Had Time", tough white R&B but, judging from the overseas reviews, not as tough as the way they come across onstage. Occasionally they'll try something else like the fuzzy organ-pumping intro of "Tell Me Why" the hoe down violin skirting melody of "It's So Hard" and the hip-stalking lip vibrations of "STB". It's interesting British white rock even if lyrically self-pitying and macho.

— HELEN MEAD

DR FEELGOOD
Classic
(Festival)

Who said R'n'B had to be dirty? I've never heard it so clean; almost hi-tech. But don't worry, there's a kick in the boomy thump. Yes, it fairly pumps along.

But what else? All the right moves are made, but, in the end, the swing is missing. "(I Wanna) Make Love To You" tries hard to be a Foreigner type ballad; "Hunting Shooting Fishing" edges towards George Thorogood, and "Highway 61" sounds like Bob Dylan, twenty years after he originally meant it.

"Break These Chains" and "Quit While You're Behind" both move along nicely and find a good groove. But the rest sound a little tired, and, worse, quite without a reason. The crispness sounds brittle by the end of the disc. A "classic"? What's written on the cover ain't what's inside.

— STEPHEN ANDREW

SAXON
Destiny
(EMI)

Saxon fans are going to get a shock out of this. This is not the hard thud we've come to expect. Rather it's a sophisticatedly produced AOR album. Good grief!

In 1979, three young HM bands emerged from Britain. They were Iron Maiden, Def Leppard and Saxon. So what happened to Saxon? Well, they just weren't as good as Maiden and Leppard, they didn't write as strong songs, and they didn't have the right personalities to bring them media attention.

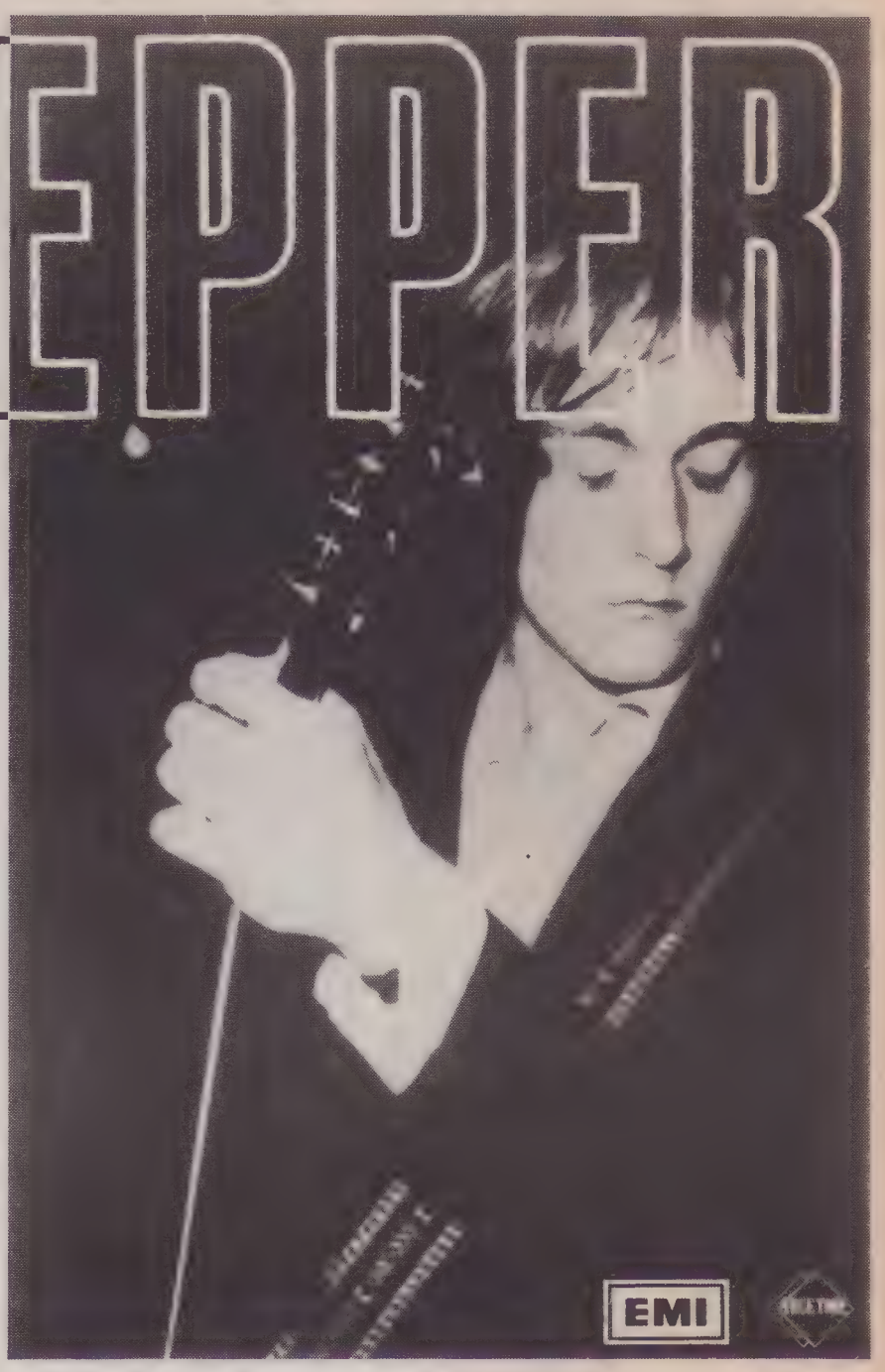
The story is that originally *Destiny* was to be produced by Pete Hinton, who told the band's leader Biff Byford he wanted to make a definitive explosive Saxon record. But the British record company wanted a hit album, so they threw him out and brought in American synthboy Stefan Galfas. The latter's heart belongs to impecable Starship and Heart CDs.

That is precisely the direction he's given them, heaping layers of synths on the band's personality. The opener is a cover of Christopher Cross' "Ride Like The Wind". The band play it well enough but their personality is sunk to the bottom. There are only two tracks, the superb "Jericho Siren" and the song about Chernobyl "Red Alert", which show flashes of Saxon's true spirit. The rest is well played well produced gunk, that tries desperately for American radio acceptance.

— MARK CROMELIN

ED KUEPPER

(when there's) THIS PARTY
An Explosive New Single
From The New Album "EVERYBODYS GOT TO"



If You Don't Like This
You Don't Like Rock 'N' Roll!

PLAY IT LOUD
TOURING AUSTRALIA

VIDEOS...VIDEOS...

Dragnet

Starring: Dan Aykroyd, Tom Hanks, Harry Morgan
(CIC Taft)

The long running television series of the Sixties was the inspiration for the making of this film and even today it is considered a classic cop show of that era.

The idea to revisit the characters and the action they brought to the small-screen was worthwhile but, sadly, it doesn't work. *Dragnet* the film is lacking in almost every department, the storyline is weak, the acting is only average, in fact the whole project seems ill-conceived.

Aykroyd is positively terrible as Friday, the straight-laced, no-nonsense cop who is only interested in the facts. The role is right up his alley but throughout the entire feature he seems stilted and out of phase. The script writer can't be blamed because Aykroyd was responsible for writing the film, a fact I wouldn't tell too many people if I were him.

Hanks manages to raise a few laughs as the outrageous Streebek, but most of them are so laboured it is hardly worth noting. At least *he* can blame the writers, even though it has been a trait of this man's career to overact and consequently blow some potentially good lines.

Harry Morgan, who starred in the original television series, isn't involved in a big way and it would seem that the producer merely wanted him to trade off the old series, which is sad because he is a fine comedy and dramatic performer as he proved for many years in M*A*S*H as Col. Potter.

Dragnet could have been much better, the film lacks direction and pace and wanders through some really tedious moments that add little to the story.

— KEVIN HILLIER

Monster In The Closet

Starring: Donald Grant, Denise Du Barry, Henry Gibson
(CIC Taft)

Before the credits rolled at the beginning of this film, it was obvious this wasn't to be taken seriously and for that you can only be thankful.

The very idea of a monster lurking in the closet, all set to eat you up, is *ridiculous* and at least the producers of this film set that up from the beginning.

The opening features veteran actor John Carradine as a blind man who ends up as Monster's main course and it is one of the best scenes in the film, which isn't saying much.

The film hero is reporter Dick Clarke (Grant) who has a remarkable resemblence to *Superman* star Christopher Reeve and believe me this is exploited right throughout the picture, sometimes with good effect.

The monster must be stopped and the services of a scientist are needed so Gibson tries his best to stop the beast but is unsuccessful.

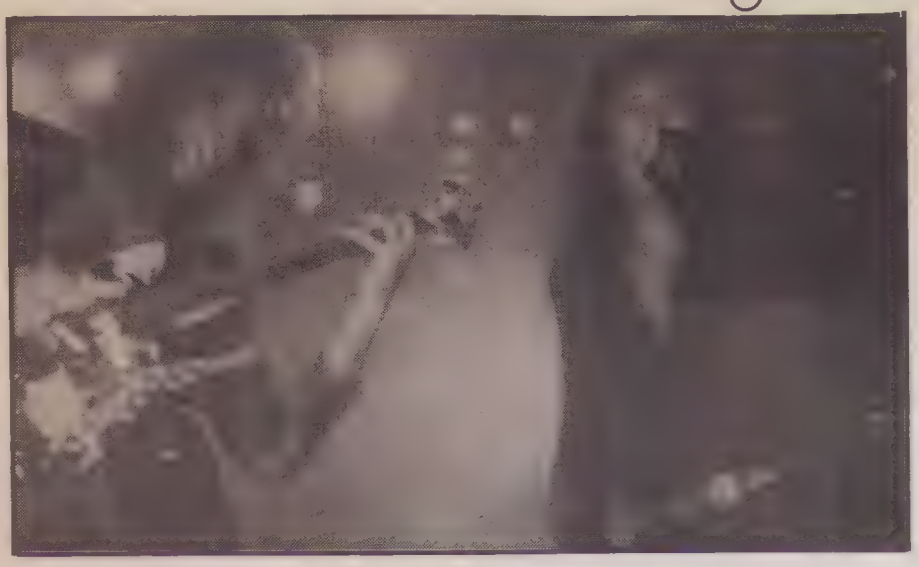
The former *Laugh In* star may look the same, but his act is vastly different these days, thank goodness.

Actually, the plot of this movie is downright anorexic so it is important to view it as a spoof, a send up of the gore and screamers we are continually subjected to.

Monster In The Closet should stay in there so that none of us are tempted to sit through it!

— KEVIN HILLIER

Dokken-Unchain The Night



(WEA)

Dokken are probably the next "group most likely to succeed" of the Bon Jovi Generation.

Their brand of melodic hard rock is tailor-made for commercial success and, as this home video illustrates, they *have* mastered the art of the music vi8deo.

WEA have released this refreshingly unpretentious 7-track offering as a tie-in to the band's upcoming fourth LP, and for the most part, it's a quite palatable collection.

Gone are the ridiculously inane interviews that many bands use to fill in the spaces between songs on similar videos. Instead we see Don Dokken and his cohorts clowning around with super-8 film cameras on tour in Europe. It's funny, not egotistical and almost enough to make you fast forward through the music.

And as the music — from the *Breaking The Chains* album through *Tooth and Nail* to three tracks from the superb *Under Lock and Key* — matures, so do the videos.

"The Hunter", "In My Dreams" (particularly) and "It's Not Love" are slick efforts and make you wonder why you haven't seen them before. Special mention must go to the "Breaking The Chains" clip however, which manages to painfully dismember a great song with visual stupidity.

Nevertheless, don't be surprised if Dokken's next album puts them up where their New Jersey counterparts are now.

— STEVE MASCORD

FILMS...FILMS...FI

Dirty Dancing a TV series?

American company Vestron Inc., best known for their videos, are taking their first step into television production with a $1 million pilot of a spin-off TV series from *Dirty Dancing*.

The company says the series will combine dancing, romance, comedy and period music in each half-hour show and there'll be a dance number every episode.

The setting for the film, a Catskills Mountain resort in the early 60s, will be retained, but Malibu Lake will be used for exterior shots.

The roles of Johnny and Baby, played in the film by Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey, will be played in the series by Patrick Cassidy and Melora Hardin.

Meantime, Warner Brothers has started work on an animated version of *Police Academy*. Called *Police Academy: The Animated Series*, it'll be produced by Paul Maslanky, who produced the film versions.

★ ★ ★

British comedy star Rowan Atkinson is in Norway on location for Nicolas Roeg's new feature, *The Witches*.

The film, to be shot also in London, start Anjelica Huston and is based on the novel by Ronald Dahl.

Meantime, Martin Hewitt, who played with Brooke Shield's most intimate bits in *Endless Love*, has been signed for the leading role in Brian DePalma's new film, *Operation: Paratrooper*.

Joe Dallesandro, for years the darling of Andy Warhol's insipid movie clique, stars with Hewitt in the film, set and filmed in Yugoslavia.

David Hasselhoff, best known for TV's *Knightrider*, will star with Linda Blair in Fabrizio Laurenti's *Witchcraft*, now filming in Boston.

And Ally Sheedy, Phoebe Cates and Treat Williams head the cast of Martin Davidson's *Heartbreak Hotel*, being shot at the moment in Missouri.

The film, to be produced by Steve Tisch, is based on the novel of the same name by Ann Rivers Siddon.

• Streisand: up to her nose in 'Nuts'

Richard Dreyfuss, fresh from his starring role in *Nuts* opposite Barbra Streisand, has been signed to star in the remake of *The Men*, which was made in Germany in 1985.

And speaking of Barbra Streisand, she's been invited to be the honoree at the first American Film Festival to be held in Moscow, while her ex-husband Elliott Gould is in Australia making the mini-series *Act Of Betrayal*, opposite Deborah-Lee Furness.

★ ★ ★

Marlon Brando, who starts work this month on the film *Jericho*, has signed to start work in August on *A Dry, White Season*, for MGM/UA Films.

In the film, Brando will play a South African lawyer.

★ ★ ★

America's Imagine Film goes into production at the end of May with a new feature called *The 'Burbs*.

To be co-produced by Mike Finnell (*Innerspace*) and Larry Brezner (*Good Morning, Vietnam*), it's the story of a week in the life of a man in the suburbs who decides to spend his holidays at home in his cul-de-sac housing tract.

To be shot in Los Angeles, *The 'Burbs* will be directed by Joe Dante, from an original story by scriptwriter Dana Olsen.

The same company will also move to New York early in June to start work on *The Dream Team*, which stars Michael Keaton (*Mr Mum*) and Christopher Lloyd.

The Dream Team is about four chronic mental patients who are separated from their therapist on their way to a baseball game.

Imagine Film has also secured the rights to the film version of The Doors' late lead singer Jim Morrison's life story. They have not yet announced a cast or a starting date.

★ ★ ★

Young American actor Scott Baio, best known here to television audiences for his lead role in the comedy series *Charles In Charge*, is suing a film company for cancelling production of a film without paying him.

Baio maintains he agreed to play the lead role in a film called *Five Yards To Go*, for which he was to be paid $350,000.

But Seals Entertainment, after paying him an initial amount of $105,000, cancelled the pic and stopped payment.

Baio claims, in papers filed in Los Angeles Superior Court, that he had a pay-or-play contract and he is demanding the remaining $245,000.

— DULCIE JEAN

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

E	D	O	W	N	E	D	I	D	Q	U	U	L	A
S	X	S	W	A	Y	S	Y	E	W	H	S	I	I
Y	P	K	C	L	B	C	C	L	U	L	P	B	I
N	O	X	A	R	M	O	O	G	L	K	H	E	F
A	I	N	H	I	L	R	E	N	J	I	X	R	O
X	T	O	A	Z	R	P	E	N	L	U	B	A	I
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V	A	N	I	L	L	A	O	T	N	T	U	F	U
O	L	A	S	W	E	L	L	E	Q	A	O	J	J

All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc.) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB Current subscription holders are ineligible.

(1) Germany's (name?) have recently kicked off a 10 day tour of the Soviet Union.

(2) (name?) Bragg is releasing a six song live EP urging young Americans to vote Republic.

(3) Bob (surname?) has been mentioned in divorce proceedings — but he doesn't know the people involved.

(4) Melbourne's Underground is (what?) on Sundays.

(5) (name?) Plant has issued a challenge to the Whitesnakes, Kingdom Come, The Cults and other would-be Zeppelin clones, "look out, I'm back".

(6) "I hate it when people say our records sound the same!", so says Tracey (surname?).

(7) (name?) Chainsaws — does their name work against them.

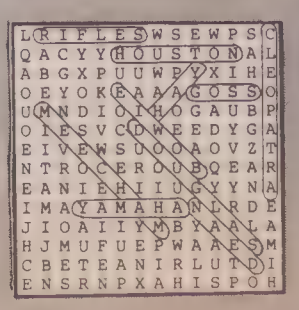
(8) Mandy recorded Positive Reaction on what label?

(9) Sidney (surname?) has appeared at the annual media awards of the Association of Asian/Pacific American Artists to make an empassioned plea for all minorities to unit in the fight against job bias in the entertainment industry.

(10) Bill (surname?) recently released (first word?) No Evil on Virgin/EMI.

Last week's answers:

Bowie
Cleopatra
Dean
Douglas
Goss
Hay
Houston
Meecham
Rifles
Yamaha



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Printed and published by Leonard J. Shaw, 39 Granya Grove, Mt Eliza 3930. Printed at Ramsay Ware Printing/Quadricolor Industries Pty Ltd Proprietor Newspress, a division of Syme Media Pty Ltd. 250 Spencer Street, Melbourne 3000 Distributed in Victoria by Magidies Pty Ltd , 250 Spencer Street, Melbourne 3000, in S.A., by John Fairfax & Sons Limited, in Tasmania by The Mercury, 93 McQuarie Street, Hobart 7000, in N.S.W., Queensland and W.A. and New Zealand by Network Distribution Company, 54 Park Street, Sydney, 2000

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OZ Tune Charts

SINGLES

1	1	**GET OUT OF MY CAR, GET INTO MY DREAMS, Billy Ocean**	**Liberation/CBS**
2	2	**STUTTER RAP, Morris Minor & The Majors**	**Virgin/EMI**
3	3	**REV IT UP, Jerry Harrison**	**PolyGram**
4	4	**SIGN YOUR NAME, Terence Trent D'Arby**	**CBS**
5	5	**HAZY SHADE OF WINTER, The Bangles**	**EMI**
6	9	BREAKAWAY, Big Pig	Mushroom/Fest
7	11	LOVE IN THE FIRST DEGREE, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS
8	18	I FOUND SOMEONE, Cher	WEA
9	10	GROOVE, Eurogliders	CBS
10	16	ALWAYS ON MY MIND, Pet Shop Boys	EMI
11	12	DON'T TELL ME THE TIME, Martha Davis	EMI
12	17	UNDER THE MILKY WAY, The Church	Mushroom/Fest
13	8	I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY, Kylie Minogue	Mushroom/Fest
14	6	WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley	BMG/RCA
15	13	COULD'VE BEEN, Tiffany	WEA
16	7	SHE'S LIKE THE WIND, Patrick Swayze	BMG/RCA
17	—	THE FLAME, Cheap Trick	CBS
18	19	WHEN WILL I BE FAMOUS, Bros	CBS
19	14	I'VE HAD THE TIME OF MY LIFE, Jennifer Warnes & Bill Medley	BMG/RCA
20	15	HUNGRY EYES, Eric Carmen	BMG/RCA
21	22	I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW, Tiffany	WEA
22	20	BOYS WILL BE BOYS, Choirboys	Mushroom/Fest
23	24	CHECK IT OUT, John Cougar Mellencamp	PolyGram
24	23	THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, Mel & Kim	Liberation/CBS
25	21	SOME PEOPLE, Cliff Richard	EMI

ALBUMS

1	1	**THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby**	**CBS**
2	4	**THE LONESOME JUBILEE, John Cougar Mellencamp**	**PolyGram**
3	2	**HITPIX '88, Various Artists**	**CBS**
4	5	**BIG BAD NOISE, Choirboys**	**Mushroom/Fest**
5	7	**WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley**	**BMG/RCA**
6	3	DIRTY DANCING SOUNDTRACK, Various Artists	BMG/RCA
7	8	STARFISH, The Church	Mushroom/Fest
8	13	MAN OF COLOURS, Icehouse	Regular/Fest
9	9	NAKED, Talking Heads	EMI
10	10	PUMP IT UP, Various Artists	CBS
11	12	NOW AND ZEN, Robert Plant	WEA
12	6	THE BOOMERANG CAFE, John Williamson	Festival
13	17	FREIGHT TRAIN HEART, Jimmy Barnes	Mushroom/Fest
14	11	FAITH, George Michael	CBS
15	14	LIVELINE, Angels	Mushroom/Fest
16	20	KICKS, INXS	WEA
17	16	VIVA HATS, Morrissey	EMI
18	—	GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	Festival
19	—	TEAR DOWN THESE WALLS, Billy Ocean	Liberation/CBS
20	21	POLICY, Martha Davis	EMI
21	19	BORN TO BE BAD, George Thorogood & The Destroyers	EMI
22	15	CLOUD NINE, George Harrison	WEA
23	23	NOISEWORKS, Noiseworks	CBS
24	18	ALWAYS GUARANTED, Cliff Richard	EMI
25	22	A MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON, Pink Floyd	CBS

Alternatively

SINGLES

1	**MY PAL, God**	**Au Go Go**
2	**SUCK N' SWALLOW, Hard Ons**	**Waterfront**
3	**I LIKE IT BOTH WAYS, Johnny Teen & The Broken Hearts**	**Green Fez**
4	**LOVE ON YOUR BREATH, Painters & Dockers**	**White**
5	**DANCING BAREFOOT, Celibate Rifles**	**Hot**
6	RACK MY BRAINS, Huxton Creepers	Big Time
7	BLUE SUBURBAN SKIES, Even As We Speak	BHP
8	SURFING IN THE SWAMP, Bambalams	Green Fez
9	KING SNAKE ROOST/FEEDTIME, Split Single	Aberrant
10	SUEDEHEAD, Morrissey	EMI
11	TRICK OF THE LIGHT, Triffids	White
12	EVERYTHING/GET ON DOWN, Hummingbirds	Phantom
13	DON'T YOU BELIEVE, The Unheard	Kavern 7
14	SHE'LL BE MINE, The Jukes	Kavern 7
15	DON'T YOU WISH, Stephen Smith	Green Fex
16	HERE COMES THE RAIN, Olympic Sideburns	White
17	SIDE WALKING, Jesus & Mary Chain	WEA
18	THIRD SEASON, Mick Blood & The Pushtwangers	Rattlesnake
19	STROLLER IN THE ATTIC, Chad's Tree	Nude
20	VICTORIA, The Fall	Beggars Banquet
21	BEAUTY WAS THE BEAST, Bell Jar	Hot
22	CRASH, Primitives	RCA
23	DROPPING LIKE FLIES, New Christs	Citadel
24	YESTERDAY TOMORROW, The Tide	Tide
25	WINTERLAND, Died Pretty	Citadel

ALBUMS

1	**STARFISH, The Church**	**White**
2	**DICK CHEESE, Hard Ons**	**Watefront**
3	**CALENTURE, The Triffids**	**White**
4	**PRODIGAL SON, The Saints**	**Mushroom**
5	**VIVA HATE, Morrissey**	**HMV**
6	GNAWING AT THE BONES OF ELVIS, Chris Wilson's Crown of Thorns	
7	SUNSET STRIP, Sunset Strip	Au Go Go
8	LOVE TOWN, Stephen Cummings	Rampant
9	UGLY THINGS Vol 3, Various Artists	Raven
10	BROKEN STUFF, Hollowmen	Au Go Go
11	SO THIS IS PARIS, Huxton Creepers	Big Time
12	FRENZ EXPERIMENT, The Fall	Beggars Banquet
13	BRAVE WORDS, The Chills	Flying Nun
14	SWINGING FROM THE TREES, Various Artists	Au Go Go
15	HEADCLEANER Cassette, Lime Spiders	Virgin
16	THRASH 'TIL DEATH, Depression	Rampant
17	HAIRWAY TO STEVEN, Butthole Surfers	Au Go Go
18	WARRING TRIBES, 13 At Midnight	Cleopatra
19	GO INSANE, Thrust	Grown Up Wrong!
20	LOVELY, Primitives	RCA
21	SOUND OF SLAPPING SKIN, Smelly Tongues	Waterfront
22	TAKE EVERYTHING, LEAVE NOTHING, Various	Citadel
23	RUNNING RAMPANT, Various	Rampant
24	DADDY'S HIGHWAY, The Bats	Flying Nun
25	REFUGEES FROM THE LOVE GENERATION, Screaming Believers	Greasy Pop

Compiled with the assistance of Umbrella, Red Eye, Greville, and Jetts Records (Independent Sales)

Metal

1 **SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON, Iron Maiden** (EMI)
2 **NO EXIT, Fates Warning** (Metal Blade)
3 **PRIDE, White Lion** (WEA)
4 **QUEENS OF THIEVES, Taramis** (Metal For Melb)
5 **SO FAR, SO GOOD, SO WHAT, Megadeth** (EMI)
6 **ATOMIC ARENA, Barren Cross** (Enigma)
7 **HISTORY OF A TIME TO COME, Sabbat** (Noise)
8 **MONUMENT, Hallows Eve** (Enigma)
9 **KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS, Helloween** (SPV)
10 **HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING, Savatage** (Atlantic)

● *Cortesy Metal For Melbourne Records*

Clubland

1 **THEME FROM STARLIGHT EXPRESS, Starlight Express**
2 **I KNOW YOU GOT SOUL, Eric B & Rakim**
3 **FAITH, Wee Papa Girl Rappers**
4 **FOR LOVE, Jill Jones**
5 **BOUNCE BACK, Fire On Blonde**
6 **HEART, Pet Shop Boys**
7 **TROUBLE, Nia Peebles**
8 **DON'T LOOK ANY FURTHER, The Kane Gang**
9 **BASS, HOW LONG CAN YOU GO, Simon Harris**
10 **CAN'T LOVE YOU TONIGHT, Gwen Guthrie**

● *Courtesy Central Station Records, Melbourne*

Videos

1. **BEVERLY HILLS COP 2** — **CIC Taft**
2. **THE FLY** — **CBS Fox**
3. **THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS** — **CIC Taft**
4. **THE GATE** — **Palace**
5. **ROXANNE** — **RCA**
6. **HELLRAISER** — **Roadshow**
7. **HAMBURGER HILL** — **Vestron**
8. **PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED** — **CBS Fox**
9. **ANGEL HEART** — **Roadshow**
10. **SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL** — **CIC-Taft**

● *Courtesy Movieland*

• Eric B (pictured) and Rakim are No. 2 on the Dance charts

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	3	**WHERE DO BROKEN HEARTS GO, Whitney Houston**	**Arista**
2	4	**WISHING WELL, Terence Trent D'Arby**	**Columbia**
3	2	**DEVIL INSIDE, INXS**	**Atlantic**
4	7	**ANGEL, Aerosmith**	**Geffen**
5	1	**GET OUTTA MY DREAMS, GET INTO MY CAR, Billy Ocean**	**Jive/Arista**
6	12	ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine	Epic
7	8	PINK CADILLAC, Natalie Cole	EMI/Manhattan
8	6	GIRLFRIEND, Pebbles	MCA
9	11	PROVE YOUR LOVE, Taylor Dayne	Arista
10	5	MAN IN THE MIRROR, Michael Jackson	Epic
11	9	SOME KIND OF LOVER, Jody Watley	MCA
12	16	ELECTRIC BLUE, Icehouse	Chrysalis
13	19	NAUGHTY GIRLS (NEED LOVE TOO), Samantha Fox	Jive
14	21	ALWAYS ON MY MIND, Pet Shop Boys	EMI/Manhattan
15	20	SHATTERED DREAMS, Johnny Hates Jazz	Virgin
16	22	I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU, Foreigner	Atlantic
17	17	ONE STEP UP, Bruce Springsteen	Columbia
18	25	TWO OCCASIONS, The Deele	Solar/Capitol
19	15	I SAW HIM STANDING THERE, Tiffany	MCA
20	—	ONE MORE TRY, George Michael	Columbia
21	10	NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP, Rick Astley	RCA
22	14	ROCKET 2 U, The Jets	MCA
23	18	ENDLESS SUMMER NIGHTS, Richard Manx	EMI/Manhatten
24	—	PIANO IN THE DARK, Brenda Russell featuring Joe Esposito	A&M
25	15	I WANT HER, Keith Sweat	Vintertainment

ALBUMS

1	1	**DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack**	**RCA**
2	3	**INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby**	**Columbia**
3	4	**MORE DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture S'Track**	**RCA**
4	2	**BAD, Michael Jackson**	**Epic**
5	5	**FAITH, George Michael**	**Epic**
6	6	KICK, INXS	Atlantic
7	7	NOW AND ZEN, Robert Plant	Es Paranza
8	8	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns And Roses	Geffen
9	9	NAKED, Talking Heads	Fly/Sire
10	10	MAKE IT LAST FOREVER, Keith Sweat	Elektra
11	11	KINGDOM COME, Kingdom Come	Polydor
12	12	TIFFANY, Tiffany	MCA
13	14	HYSTERIA, Def Leppard	Mercury
14	17	PRIDE, White Lion	Atlantic
15	15	WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley	RCA
16	19	PERMANENT VACATION, Aerosmith	Geffen
17	16	GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	A&M
18	20	TEAR DOWN THESE WALLS, Billy Ocean	Jive/Arista
19	13	SKYSCRAPER, David Lee Roth	Warner Bros
20	18	BLOW UP YOUR VIDEO, AC/DC	Atlantic
21	21	THE LONESOME JUBILEE, John Cougar Mellencamp	Mercury
22	—	LET IT LOOSE, Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine	Epic
23	22	TUNNEL OF LOVE, Bruce Springsteen	Columbia
24	—	PEBBLES, Pebbles	MCA
25	25	OUT OF THE BLUE, Debbie Gibson	Atlantic

UK

SINGLES

1	13	**THEME FROM S-EXPRESS, S-Express**	**Rhythm King**
2	1	**HEART, Pet Shop Boys**	**Parlophone**
3	2	**LOVE CHANGES EVERYTHING, Climie Fisher**	**EMI**
4	6	**PINK CADILLAC, Natalie Cole**	**Manhattan**
5	5	**WHO'S LEAVING WHO, Hazell Dean**	**EMI**
6	19	I WANT YOU BACK 88, Michael Jackson/Jackson 5	Motown
7	3	EVERYWHERE, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
8	7	GIRLFRIEND, Pebbles	MCA
9	14	I WANT YOU BACK, Bananarama	London
10	—	ONE MORE TRY, George Michael	Epic
11	25	MARY'S PRAYER, Danny Wilson	Virgin
12	4	DROP THE BOY, Bros	CBS
13	20	LET'S ALL CHANT, Pat And Mick	PWL
14	24	GET LUCKY, Jermaine Stewart	Siren
15	17	JUST A MIRAGE, Jelly Bean	Chrysalis
16	9	PROVE YOUR LOVE, Taylor Dayne	Arista
17	—	PLAY IT BACK PART 1, James Brown	Urban
18	10	DREAMING, Glen Goldsmith	Reproduction
19	21	A LOVE SUPREME, Will Downing	4th Broadway
20	8	COULD'VE BEEN, Tiffany	MCA
21	—	SHE'S LIKE THE WIND, Patrick Swayze	RCA
22	—	PERFECT, Fairground Attraction	RCA
23	—	BEYOND THE PALE, The Mission	Mercury
24	11	I'M NOT SCARED, Eighth Wonder	CBS
25	12	CROSS MY BROKEN HEART, Sinitta	Fanfare

ALBUMS

1	3	**SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON, Iron Maiden**	**EMI**
2	6	**TANGO IN THE NIGHT, Fleetwood Mac**	**Warner Bros**
3	2	**NOW 11, Various**	**EMI/Virgin**
4	4	**THE BEST OF OMD, OMD**	**Virgin**
5	1	**PUSH, Bros**	**CBS**
6	5	POPPED IN SOULED OUT, Wet Wet Wet	Precious
7	7	DIRTY DANCING-SOUNDTRACK, Various	RCA
8	10	ACTUALLY, Pet Shop Boys	Parlophone
9	17	NAKED, Talking Heads	EMI
10	8	LOVELY, The Primitives	RCA
11	12	HIP HOP AND RAPPING IN THE HOUSE, Various	Stylus
12	—	EVERYTHING, Climie Fisher	EMI
13	13	LIVE IN EUROPE, Tina Turner	Capitol
14	—	THE INNOCENTS, Erasure	Mute
15	15	BRIDGE OF SIGHS, T'Pau	Siren
16	—	HEARSAY, Alexander O'Neal	Tabu
17	—	THE CHRISTIANS, The Christians	Island
18	11	DISTANT THUNDER, Aswad	Mango
19	—	BARBED WIRE KISSES, Jesus And Mary Chain	Blanco Y Negro
20	—	WILL DOWNING, Will Downing	4th & Broadway
21	14	VIVA HATE, Morrissey	HMV
22	21	WHITNEY, Whitney Houston	Arista
23	9	WINGS OF HEAVEN, Magnum	Polydor
24	22	TIFFANY, Tiffany	MCA
25	20	TURN BACK THE CLOCK, Johnny Hates Jazz	Virgin

OUT! this week

Vinyl

Singles

PRINCE
Alphabet Street (7", 12")
A-HA
Stay On These Roads (7", 12")
SIMON F
New York Girl
TRACY CHAPMAN
Fast Car
TIME ZONE
World Destruction (12")
B-SIDE
So Hot (12")
GOLDEN PALAMINOS
Omaha (12")
GOLDEN PALAMINOS
Animal Speaks (12")
DST
Mega Mix It (12")
MICHAEL JACKSON
Dirty Diana (7", 12")
GEORGE MICHAEL
One More Try (7", 12")
BOZ SCAGGS
Heart Of Mine
SPAGNA
Call Me
HENRY LEE SUMMER
I Wish I Had A Girl
TONY TERRY
Lovey Dovey (12")
LOU
Rookie's Revenge (7", 12")
WAX
In Some Other World
GLENN & CHRIS
Diamond Lights
CONTOURS
Don't Love Me
SEA STORIES
Secret World (12")
SHORT CIRCUIT
Waiting For The Big One (12")
SWING CLUB
Let's Say Goodbye
WHO'S GERALD
Wrestle Wrestle
CLIMIE FISHER
Rise To The Occasion
LUXURIA
Redneck
ERASURE
River Deep Mountain High
ASLAM
Love Me Lately
BILLY OCEAN
Get Outta My Dreams (12")
MEL & KIM
That's The Way It Is (12")

Albums

ROCKMELONS
Tales Of The City
LOS LOBOS
And A Time To Dance
SCATTERED ORDER
Comfort
GODFATHERS
Birth School Work Death
NEIL YOUNG & THE BLUE NOTES
This Note's For You
WEDDINGS PARTIES ANYTHING
Roaring Days
SLY & ROBBIE
The Sting
ROYAL CRESCENT MOB
Omerta
FELA
Army Arrangements
TOURA KUNDA
Natalia
VARIOUS
Down Under By Law
FELA
Suffering And Smiling
FELA
Upside Down
GOLDEN PALAMINOS
Blast Of Silence
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Beat Freaks
STUART DUDLL
Morning Light
ARAGON
Don't Bring The Rain
BAMBI SLAM
Is
SURF PUNKS
Oh No Not Them Again
CLEAR SPIRIT
Clear Spirit
PHIL OCHS
All The News That's Fit To Sing
TORINO
Customised
TOXIC
World Circus
PENTANGLE
The Collection
JIM REEVES
The Collection
CIRCLE JERKS
6
BLESSED DEATH
Destined For Extinction
SACRED REICH
Ignorance
BILL NELSON
Chance Encounters
THROWING MUSES
House Tornado

CD

NEIL YOUNG & THE BLUE NOTES
This Note's For You
ROCKMELONS
Tales Of The City
VARIOUS ARTISTS
More Dirty Dancing
FELA
Zombie
FELA
Vols 1 & 2
GOLDEN PALAMINOS
Blast Of Silence
LITTLE FEAT
The Last Record Album
A-HA
Stay On These Roads (3")
WEDDINGS PARTIES ANYTHING
Roaring Jack
GRANDMASTER FLASH & FURIOUS FIVE
On The Strength
NANCI GRIFFITHS
Little Love Affairs

Video

BANANA JOE
(Comedy, PG, Warner)
CAMELOT
(Musical, G, Warner)
CAPTIVE
(Drama, M, 7 Keys)
CODE NAME DANCER
(Drama, M, CEL)
THE DEADLY TRACKERS
(Drama, R, Warner)
DISORDERLIES
(Comedy, PG, Warner)
DOGS OF WAR
(War drama, M, Warner)
FIVE DAYS ONE SUMMER
(Romantic drama, PG, Warner)
IN LOVE AND WAR
(War Drama, M, CEL)
LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN PEARL
(Martial Arts, PG, CEL)
THE LOST BOYS
(Horror spoof, M, Warner)
MEAN STREETS
(Drama, M, Warner)
THE MARSEILLES CONTRACT
(Thriller, M, Warner)
NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE
(Historical romance, M, Warner)
NEVER TOO YOUNG TO DIE
(Action, M, CEL)
THE PACK
(Drama, M, Warner)
THE PUPPETOON MOVIE
(Animated, G, 7 Keys)
QUITE BY CHANCE
(Drama, M, CEL)
SKIN GAME
(Comedy, PG, Warner)
WALK LIKE A MAN
(Comedy, PG, CEL)
WITNESS IN THE WAR ZONE
(Drama, M, 7 Keys)
YENTL
(Musical drama, PG, Warner)
YOU GOTTA BE CRAZY
(Comedy, PG, 7 Keys)

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

THE STARS AND THEIR GUITARS Pt2

Yes, as we promised, Pt 2 of our look at some of the more distinguished guitarists working within the rock field and why they play the kind of guitars that they do.

As you can see, a lot of the comments seem to embody a warm close relationship with their axes . . . maybe it has something to do with the fact that the early guitars were shaped like a woman's!

ROBERT CRAY

The young kid who grew up idolising the playing styles of Otis Rush and BB King doesn't take any long solos.

Cray's collections consists mainly of Strats. His favourite is "an ugly silver off-green 1964 Fender Strat which is not customised. I took the toggle switch out and replaced it with a five-position switch because I broke the original three-way switch.

"I also have a new Japanese Fender Strat from 1957-62. It doesn't sound as good as the '64 but it has a nice neck."

Cray's other axes include a 1982 Stephens (made by Stephen Davies in Seattle) which is shaped like a Strat but has two DiMarzio humbucking pickups on it. However it's "two bassy" so he doesn't take it on tour. His latest addition is a 1964 white Strat with a tortoise shell pickguard and a 1958 sunburst Strat with a maple neck but without a tremelo.

Cray's first album showed his love for Gibson, but he's switched since 1979, and says he won't go back to them.

"I only play Fenders now because I like the sound for rhythm and solos. When my band backed Albert Collins in 1976-78 I began to like the Fender sound. It cuts right through while the Gibsons stayed in the background with the rest of the instruments."

STEVE VAI

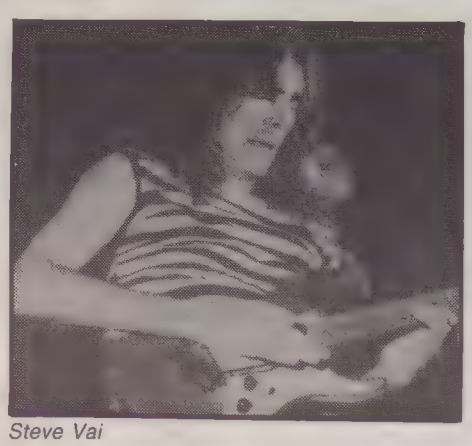
Already disciplined and brilliant through his early work with Zappa, Public Image Ltd and Indian violinist L. Shankar, Steve Vai joined Dave Lee Roth for the fun.

But just days before the new Dave Lee Roth band took to the road, all his guitars were stolen from the rehearsal room. All that was saved was Steve's favourite, the green Chavel. Without hesitating, he went out and bought a bunch of necks and bodies, and built four of his own in a week . . . and made it onto the tour.

All the guitars have Floyd Rose Tremolo systems recessed into the body to allow the strings to go sharp (a Vai trademark). Of the four, one has a maple neck, one a rosewood neck and two are mahogany. One is decorated with a blue and red dot spray motif, another is orange, one is splattered with pictures of naked ladies from old *Playboys* and other has excerpts from a *Playboy* comic strip "Annie Fall". Vai's own model, cut like a Strat but with more of a cutaway, comes with a handle so he can throw it around onstage.

RICHIE SAMBORA

Richie Sambora has a lot of reasons to resent the success of Bon Jovi. Sure it's nice to be popular and make lots of money, but in America, he says, they're considered a teen dream act.



Steve Vai

It's only in Europe and to an extent, Australia and Japan, that fans came to hear them *play* rather than scream at their good bone structure.

On record, Sambora's solos are subdued — but only because he doesn't want to detract from the song. Live, though, he stretches things out. The kid who started to play guitar at 14 after hearing records by Johnny Winter and Eric Clapton first used Gibson Les Pauls and a Hamer Explorer on the band's initial records.

But when it came for *Slippery When Wet*, he changed to Stratocasters.

"Both Kramer and Charvel make me some really nice Strats, all of which have malple necks and souped-up Seymour Duncan pickups."

His favourite is his Les Paul custom-built in New Jersey which he's used since '84. All his guitars are equipped with Kahler tremelos for their smooth feel.

THE EDGE

Naturally as the guitarist of the '80s biggest Guitar Band, The Edge says that the idea of U2 was not to become a guitar band as such, but rather something that would be powerful live.

"You have to remember that U2 is fundamentally a live group" he once explained. "When you perform live, certain things work and certain don't — certain things get lost."

"But there's something really powerful about the live combination of guitars, bass, and drums, and in the early days we disciplined ourselves to use only those primary colours of rock and roll."

"We avoided keyboards not because we were prejudiced against them but because we wanted to see what we could do with the medium of rock and roll in its basic form."

The Edge's main guitar is a 1971 Fender Strat with a graphite nut, brass bridge saddles, modified Seymour Duncan quarter-pound stack pickup and Strat Tremelo.

Also in his collection is a 1971 Gibson Explorer, an early '60s Les Paul Deluxe (used once only, on "Indian Summer Sky") a 1961 Telecaster, a new Washburn acoustic, a 1959 Gretsch Falcon with stereo pickups rewired to mono, a Yamaha Jazz and an Epiphone Elektra lap steel ('39 or '40) which he picked up very cheaply during a US tour.

Mike Rutherford. circa 1974

Ritchie Sambora and Jon Bon Jovi

MIKE CAMPBELL

Don't ask Mike Campbell of Tom Petty's band The Heartbreakers to list his guitars There are too many. However, he will narrow it down to a favourite.

"Top of the list is a 1948 Broadcaster, I can always depend on that one" he says. "I can lose anything else but not this one."

"There are a heap of Telecasters and Les Pauls too."

With his variety of axes, Campbell fills out not only the Heartbreakers albums but the countless sessions he's been asked to do, with light ring acoustic and bottleneck fills, not to mention those chunky Stones-type chords.

LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM

Lindsey Buckingham's strength as a guitarist is more the way he uses a number of them to make an "orchestral" effect, often in the same song.

"I use guitar to orchestrate the records, and use them in unusual ways. I do a lot of strange tunings and strange combination of strings. You can get a good sound out of almost anything if you know how to go about it and what kind of sound you want to get."

These days he no longer tours with Fleetwood Mac, of course, but is still continuing to translate his visions onto vinyl in a solo capacity.

His main stage axe was made especially for him by a technician from Alembic. Buckingham had never liked the Alembics believing they were too sterile. So Alembic asked him to try out the prototype and he likened the very fat and very clean sound to a Les Paul. Lindsey uses half would strings on it. He only uses it for stage because "it doesn't translate in the studio".

Also in the collection are a couple of Ovation acoustics, a Martin D-18 which he's had since he was 17, a couple of early '60s Strats, a Broadcaster and a couple of Gretsches "for that Beatles sound".

"I've got a lot more which I can't remember, although I wouldn't say mine is a massive collection. I'm not a connoisseur nor am I a collector like Stephen Stills. There are limitations but you can always get a good sound of almost anything."

Incidentally, one of the main features that Lindsey got on the Fleetwood Mac records is that he doesn't use a pick. He uses a lot of upstrums with the fingers, playing many strings at the same time, a holdover from his early folk influences.

MIKE RUTHERFORD

The Genesis guitar has about 20 guitars and basses in his collection, with a 1975 Sunburst Stratocaster his favourite. He has a little preamp booster on the volume — a custom made five way toggle switch. He uses a Hex Fuzz on all his guitars.

"It's part of the Avatar Guitar Synthesiser, and I think it's better than a synthesiser. It has a separate pickup that fits by the bridge and a six-cannon socket out, which goes into the Hex Fuzz. You get a very strong guitar sound with that mixed in. Not many people use it outside of Pete Townshend."

His other guitars include a 1976 white Sunburst Stratocaster, a Coral Star, a Rickenbacker 12-string, a Rickenbacker double neck which he designed, a Microfret six string bass ("a lovely warm sounding instrument but the company went bankrupt within six months") a Shergold six string bass and has two workhorse basses — a fairly recent Strat-styled one built by Roger Giffin with a single/double coil pickups and an Alemic. For acoustic guitars, Rutherford plays Ovation six and 12-string, a Zemaitis 12-string and an Alvarez 12-string which he considers "a nice guitar but one that doesn't last long."

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Live ON STAGE

John Cougar Mellencamp

Venue: Entertainment Centre, Sydney

To be realistic, comparisons between Mellencamp and Springsteen are pretty damn difficult to side-step but are essentially a matter of perspective.

Mellencamp's myth is still tangible and within reach. He is just a good old home town boy with a muscular sense of and affinity for family and community. Springsteen, like it or not is in Gracelands, not a situation I as a devotee of some 13 years, am particularly comfortable with. Springsteen, the storyteller who put rock n' roll on the wide screen and gave it epic proportions, is now seemingly beyond the reach of those he sought to and succeeded phenomenally in inspiring. Hence the relationship between Mellencamp and Springsteen parallels that that existed between the matured Elvis Presley and young Bruce.

Mellencamp's audience was, as was Springsteen's in the same venue three years ago, wildly responsive to anything cast from the stage in their general direction with a male element wishing to adopt Mellencamp's handsome knock around guy personna and the female contingent that . . . well . . . wished.

In the exuberant vein of the *Lonesome Jubilee* album, a wonderfully spirited thank-God-he-is-a-country-boy hoe-down heralded the down home celebrational stomp of "Paper in Fire" and from it, as show opener, the adrenalin and sheer exhilaration didn't pause for breath. It was a rock n' roll rollercoaster from then on with "Jack And Diane", much more an an anthem in the live environment than on record, was accompanied by 12,000 voices and glowed like the first time it came together at rehearsal. A cracking version of "Lonely Old Night" again accentuated by a stage and not a studio had Mellencamp doing fancy stepping, doing the splits and throwing his jacket side stage.

Make no mistakes, rock n' roll heaven was in Sydney this night. But if the fevered reaction of the audience was brow raising it was nothing compared to what was going on on the stage. A cast of eight backed Mellencamp like a collection of life's big winners with the unparalleled joy of playing this music never leaving their faces. Drummer Kenny Aronoff was inexhaustible. Full of exacting precision and granite hard technique, he ensured everyone grooved warmly or powered home triumphantly. Fiddle player, the delightful Lisa Germano, who although stepped down from the riser for several songs, gave a breath of country air to older material while chiming in with that soaring melody on the uplifting vision of daily life, "Check It Out". And then there was of course, Larry Crane. Mellencamp's oldest musical associate who never stood still, playing with spirit and authority and maybe, just maybe, still in awe of Mellencamp's company and certainly his talents.

"There are so many things going on in my country that spill over into your country and for those that care about such things," Mellencamp said as I recall, and with that, one of the singer's two addresses to the audience all night, the band launched into "Rain On the Scarecrow" and then the incisive "Down And Out In Paradise" in which backup singers, who were exhausting even to watch, were spotlighted. Regrettably, some of Mellencamp's less publicised *Jubilee* songs like the excellent "Empty Hands" met with indifferent response from the audience that obviously hadn't bothered to go deeper than the singles.

A distinct highlight came before intermission. Mellencamp was left centre stage while the band assembled on his far left lending harmonies as Mellencamp sang "Everyone Needs A Hand To Hold Onto" in an achingly beautiful manner before moving into an equally emotive piece with spiritual overtones. After intermission it was reworked "Small Town" and "Minutes To Memories", "Walls Came Tumblin' Down", Mellencamp's finest Stones rock n' roll went largely unnoticed and "Play Guitar" with the little guy flat on his back, moved into a killer rock n' roll medley that included "Gloria".

To a reception of lite cigarette lighters came "The Authority Song" and for me one of Mellencamp's finest compositions, "Pink Houses" and John got a kid from the front rows to sing along. Although the piece is strangely alien to anyone not of American descent, in that one song Mellencamp encapsulates the real America devoid of any promised land rhetoric. A version of Dylan's "Like A Rolling Stone" easily matched that on the Dylan and the Band live set, *Before the Flood* for pure emotional power.

This was the composite rock n' roll show: heart, guts, emotional weight and a sense of history from a man who put his heart, mouth and available muscle behind issues of worth and concern. The promised land is in good hands. Logically then, to me at least, the sale of programmes for $10 and singlets and T-shirts for $22 a piece, were a touch disturbing. Particularly as the stuff was snapped up, put on and half an hour later everyone was deliriously singing along to songs about how damn hard it is for the working man. I reassured myself with the thought that it was all a strange act of solidarity.

MURRAY ENGLEHEART

Ed Kuepper & The Yard Goes On forever/Chad's Tree

Venue: The Corner, Melbourne

Ed Kuepper and his guitar and his brass.

You remember when he used six strings like he was sandpapering the side off your head. The Saint's 'I'm Stranded' is the Australian Punk Rock Song and the band's first three albums, by my reckoning, are one of the most vital bodies of post-punkness to come out of the big hot land. You can still play them today because they speak a musical language sophisticated way beyond the da-da churn of punk. Kuepper's subsequent work with the Laughing Clowns and his two solo albums (a new one due in a month or so) would indicate he can take a lot of the credit for this.

The last time I saw Ed Kuepper he was the thin, bored, thin-on-top fellow on the cover of The Saints debut album. Tonight he surprises me by having so much hair. He looks chipper, too, and vaguely like a runaway from a Dylan backing band (it's the waistcoat I think). His band — female, three males and taped brass — look like people with a history, a few wrinkles and lots of good lies to tell. They rock hard and straight from the outset, lean and no-excess. Five songs into a 90 minute set, Kuepper is dripping, having supplied a couple of withering bursts of guitar. It's not spillover electricity or anything but an appetising lather, a clang clang delighting anyone with a taste for something like the angular guitar lines of Tom Verlaine. Kuepper switches to a 12-string acoustic and the set slews for a few songs before we set off on a long steady run to three encores.

He's a much perkier proposition live than on his solo album. (I favour last year's excellent *Rooms of the Magnificent* over the rewarding but somewhat murky *Electrical Storm*) but there's nothing showy or pop about him. Certainly he shares a common musical gene pool with the likes of his contemporaries and fellow Brisbanites the Go-Betweens but his style is more low-key, almost monochromatic. That shared heritage goes back through Dylan Television — The Velvets.

Kuepper's songs creep up on you after repeated exposure and they're propelled by that guitar and brass, coloured by keyboards and the occasional female backing vocal lifting his own downbeat vocal chords. And in the end he's carried by varied arrangements and deadpan emotion.

So it's heads down all night for this revered uncle of alternative Australian rock in a pub that is moderately full but not stacked. There's some dancing but the crowd's more noticeable for its attentiveness. Not one cover, he's over thirty, and sounds like himself. Bite on this, it lasts.

Chad's Tree supported and they possess that familiar thing in alternative indigenous rock — the violin. So there's promise if you like the folky stuff so widely favoured but tonight they don't rise to much.

RICHARD LANGSTON

Kuepper (pic by Tony Mott)

The Church

Venue: The Palace, Melbourne

It's sad, but true, that The Church just don't cut it live.

In the wake of a brilliantly sensitive and *passionate* document of the band's propensity to weave a magical vinyl tapestry, tonight's ad hoc thrash-out serves only to kill the very idiosyncracies which make their recorded offerings so very special.

Witnessed by a capacity crowd, the mass-murder-of-song is ably assisted by a heavy handed mixer, who manages to red-line every channel on the desk *except* the ones that count: kick drum, snare and lead vocal.

For a presumably seasoned live band, The Church suffer from infantile inadequacies in insecure overplay, a virtual ignorance of dynamic sensibility and a clumsy lack of respect for their superb songs. Loud, busy and scrambling live verse arrangments marr a majority of the material, leaving nowhere for choruses to travel, bar a flat and muddy land of wallowing mediocrity.

The ultimate undisciplined approach is epitomised in a rushed and sloppy version of the current single "Under The Milky Way", boasting all the subtlety of a house brick, combined with football team backing vocals, Steve Jones guitar nuances and a wavering Kilbey, who constantly failed to hit the right notes.

Passing moments of redemption manage to shine through the fogged stained glass in "Destination", which actually — by the very nature of the song — demands some space be made for Kilby's pensive whisperings, whilst Wilson-Piper's "Spark" marks one of the few moments that the four-man fellowship manages to find the heaven-sent unity which has otherwise eluded them tonight.

The mass congregation is quiet, their souls hardly stirred by the sinful rebel rousing. *"You must be listening . . . that's it isn't it? You're just lightening?!"* Wilson-Piper shouts to a lukewarm and disappointed clap. Yes Marty, it's sad but true . . . we are listening

— BYRON SMITH

Big Audio Dynamite

Venue: London The Hibernian Club

Paarty Time *Notes from the battleground. Part 1 in a series of 3 real life incidents from tonight's event . . . A guy comes up to our table, whips out his piece and fills a lager glass full of steaming urine. (We are appalled. Soon after, an equally mental bozo comes up and downs half the brew. We cheer up . . .).*

BAD are ten steps beyond. They are a multi-layered, multi-rhythm mean machine. On their night they are simply the most invigorating thing in town. This is their night. All the special songs ('Bottom Line', 'BAD', E=Mc2' etc) are given the super-dooper extended dub-funk-punk-spunk treatment.

The songs from '10 Upping St', a relatively tame LP, are played hard — no babyshit, 'Sightsee MC', the only heavy monster cut from the aforementioned LP, sinks through the stage and outasight due to excess weight — it's the standout number of the night.

(Interlude, Part 2 . . . One of the seriously deranged wide boys that you sometimes find at BAD gigs pulls out a Stanley knife. He waves it around. We hide under the table. Men in white coats take him away. We return to our seats . . .).

Style references: Mick Jones wears a tatty biker jacket. Born rocker, die rocker, as they say. At peak moments, his screeching but cool guitar solos for instance, he dons an outrageous, outsize silver spangled orange baseball cap. This may be to hide his fast receding hairline. All the girls say this is a sign of virility. Jones is, after all, an A1 cutie.

Back to the music. Good to hear so many new songs. There are five or six and most sound like winners. There's Yum, Yum, Yum (or could it be 'You Wind Me Up'?) which crosses The Fatback Band (Circa 75) with Chic. Another has guitar line straight out of 'Dixie'. Two more are of the 'Upping St' variety. Whilst the final surprise is in the encore. With lots of shouting, minus typically colourful BAD rhythms and full of rock angst, it comes across like throwback to the stone age. Or Westworld. Could be a bad move (hmmm . . .)

BAD are a million dollar, diamond encrusted skyscraper designed by Fred Astaire.

— RICHARD NORTH

Gig Guide

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N.S.W.

ABBEY ROAD
12 Pennant Hills Inn, 13 St. Marys Band Club, 14 Bankstown RSL
ALLNITERS
13 Newcastle Town Hall, 14 Campbelltown RSL
ANDREW OH BAND
13 McMahon's Manor, Hurstville
ANTHONY & RICK
11 Cat & Fiddle Hotel, 12 Bondi Regis, 13 Collector Tavern, Parramatta, 14 Brookvale Hotel, 15 Mortdale Hotel
ARABESQUE
13 Rex Hotel
BABY LOVES TO CHA CHA
14 Penrith Leagues Club
GEOFF BARRY
14 Illawarra Leagues Club
BIGGER THAN TEXAS
10 Kardomah Cafe
IAN BLAKENEY
9 Shanneys, Hurstville
BLUE RUIN
13, 14 Kardomah Cafe
BOBBY SOX
14 Commercial Tavern
BOOZE BROS
15 Bateau Bay Hotel
BOP TILL U DROP
11 All Nations Club, 13 Revesby Workers, 14 Unity Hall Hotel, 15 Cabravale Diggers Club
BRAZEN BELLES
12 Hilton Hotel
BROKEN SILENCE
14 DiDi's
CACTUS SWEATBAND
13 The Venue
CHADS TREE
14 Kardomah Cafe
THE CHALLENGE
12 Shanneys, Hurstville
CHOO CHOO SHUFFLE
10 Hilton Hotel
CLEARANCE
CREEDWATER
13 Bowral Hotel
THE COCKROACHES
13 Rooty Hill RSL, 14 Wollongong Town Hall
COLOUR BLUE
14 Sydney Cove Tavern
THE CONDUCTORS
12 Sutherland Royal Hotel
DARK PAST
13 Glebe Rowing Club
KIRK DAVIS
10 Shanneys, Hurstville
DIE LAUGHING
9 Kardomah Cafe
DIRTY WHITE BOYS
13 Sydney Cove Tavern
PAT DRUMMOND
11 Great Northern Hotel, 12 Golden Sheaf Hotel, 14 Manly Vale Hotel
JEFF DUFF ORCHESTRA
10 Hilton Hotel
THE EARTHLINGS
11 Old Windsor Tavern, 13 El Greco Hotel, 14 Cambridge Tavern
THE EDDYS
11 Carmen, Miranda, 12 Roundhouse
ENORMOUS HORNS
13 Roundhouse, 14 The Venue
ETERNITY
13 Selinas
EUROGLIDERS
11 Canberra Labour Club, 12 Sydney Cove Tavern, 13 Tiffanys, Blacktown, 14 Shellharbour Workers Club, 15 Penrith Leagues Club
THE EVERY BROTHERS
11 Hip Hop Club, 12 Annandale Hotel, 13 Hilton Hotel, 14 Quay 1, Newcastle, 15 Lansdowne Hotel
FALLING BODIES
11 Sandringham Hotel
FLUID CELL
10 Hip Hop Club, 12 Sutherland Royal Hotel, 13 Glebe Rowing Club
F.O.O.D.
14 Campbelltown RSL
FREDDY FENDER WITH JOHNNY CHESTER
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Twin Towns Services Club
KERRIE FRIEND
14 Four Seasons Hotel, Bathurst
FUN IN ACAPULCO
13 DiDi's
GAS COMPANY
13 Penrith Leagues Club
GOLD ZEPPLIN
11 Sweethearts, 13 Stags, 14 Peakhurst Inn
GONDWANALAND
11 Uni of New Zealand, 12 Bellingen Memorial Hall, 13 Grafton Ex Services Club, 14 Byron Bay Art Factory
MARIO GREGORIE
11, 13 McMahons Manor, Hurstville
HAPPY HATE ME NOTS
13 Harold Park Hotel
HEADHUNTERS
13 Baulkham Hills
HOT BLOODED
14 Selinas
THE HUMMINGBIRDS
10 Arts Factory, Byron Bay
THE HURRICANES
15 Leprechaun Hotel, Nowra
J.J. LIMBO
11 Roundabout, Hurstville
JOHNNY DEVLIN & THE DEVILS
11 Hilton Hotel
JOHNNY TEEN & THE BROKEN HEARTS
13 The Venue
JUMP BACK JACK
11 Feathers Crows Nest, 13 Roundhouse, 14 Harbourside Brasserie, 15 Lucys Tavern
KIZUM
9 Kardomah Cafe, 11 Roundhouse, 14 Peakhurst Inn
KOPY KATZ
13 Mudgee Soldiers Club
L.A. CRUISERS
12 Open Heart Hotel, Wollongong, 13 Marlin Hotel, 14 Players, Wollongong, 15 Leprechaun Hotel, Nowra
LOOSE TALK
10 Stallions, Hurstville
DAMIEN LOVELOCK WITH WIGWORLD
12 St. James Tavern
METHODS OF DANCE
14 Hilton Hotel
JOHNNY NICOL
11 McMahons Manor, Hurstville
PARKIN' ZONE
13 Brookvale Hotel
SEXATIONS
13 Sutherland Royal Hotel
SHRINKING VIOLETS
13 Glebe Rowing Club
THE SKOLARS
13 Kardomah Cafe
SMART ARTISTS
14 Shanneys, Hurstville
SPARKLERS
13, 14 Hip Hop Club
STAR KING
13 Selinas
STOKER
13 Selinas
STOP THE CAMERA
13 Roundabout, Hurstville, 14 Stallions, Parramatta, 12 DiDi's
STRING OF PEARLS BAND
14 Balmain Leagues Club
SWINGING SIXTIES
11 DiDi's
SWINGSHIFT
11 Roundhouse, 12 Banjos, 13 Parramatta Leagues Club, 14 Stags, Auburn, 15 Caringbah Inn
THRUST
14 Sutherland Royal Hotel
T.N.T.
12 Ingleburn RSL, 13 Quay 1, Newcastle, 14 Avalon RSL
TORRID ZONE
11 Stallions, Parramatta, 14 Roundabout, Hurstville
THE TRILOBITES
13 The Venue
THE UNDERDOGS
14 Cannonball Express
THE VAGABONDS
13 Shanneys, Hurstville
VANILLA CHAINSAWS
12 St. James Tavern
VENETIANS
13 Fairfield RSL, 14 Sydney Cove Tavern
VICIOUS KITES
13 Hoeptoun Hotel
VOODOO LUST
13 Maxs Petersham, 14 Royal Hotel, Sutherland
WIGWORLD
12 St. James Tavern
THE WILD ARMIDILLOS
12 Stallions, Parramatta
SHAYLEE WILDE
15 Shanneys, Hurstville
WOGANOZI
9 Hilton Hotel
STEVIE WRIGHT
13 Penrith Leagues Club
XPT
13 Stallions, Parramatta
YA YA CHORAL
14 Hills Inn
THE ZIPS
12 Roundabout, Hurstville, 13 Revesby Workers CLub, 14 Rooty Hill RSL

Victoria

SIG ANDERSON
12 Tudor Inn, Cheltenham, 13 Carlton Inn
THE ASTRO'S
13 The Tote, Collingwood
BABY JANE
11 Corner Hotel, Richmond
BANDANNA
12 Panton Hill Hotel, 13 Ocean Grove Hotel, Geelong, 14 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 15 Parkview Hotel, Nth Fiztroy
BEGGERMAN THIEF
14 Theatre Royal
BEST KEPT SECRET
11 Corner Hotel, Richmond
BIG SECRET
13 Swan Hotel, Richmond
BLACK TOP BOOGIE
13 Sylvania Hotel, Cambellfield
IAN BROADBENT
12 The Regent Hotel, City
SCOTT BUCHANAN
13 Bush Inn Hotel
CACTUS SISTERS
15 Skinny Dog (arvo), Kew
CALLBOYS
12 Sandbelt Club Hotel, Moorabbin, 13 Bayswater Hotel, 14 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 15 Star Hotel, Sth Melb (arvo)
JOE CAMILLERI & THE BLACK SORROWS
11 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 13 Central Club Hotel, Richmond, 14 Barwon Heads Hotel
CAPTAIN SPALDING
13 Bensons Tavern
CHA-BOOGIE BROTHERS
12 Town Hall Hotel, Sth Melb, 13, 14 Victoria Hotel, Yarraville
CLOWNS SMILING BACKWARDS
14 Prince of Wales
CLUB CHAOS
10 Sydenham Hotel, Richmond, 12 Brewsters, Essendon
COBBERS
11 Dan O'Connell Hotel, Carlton, 14 LaTrobe Uni
CRASHMATTS
12 Royal Derby Hotel, Brunswick, 13 Bouzy Rouge Cafe, 14 Waysdie Inn, Sth Melb
JOE CREIGHTON & THE ADMIRABLES
14 CUB Club, Collingwood
CRUMMY COWBOYS
13 Terminus Hotel, Abbotsford
CRY BABIES
15 The Met, Nth Melb
STEPHEN CUMMINGS
14 Hotham City Diner, Hawthorn (arvo)
PETER CUPPLES
12 21st Century Club, Dandenong
DEJA VUE
13 Alexanders, Gardenvale, 14 Somerville Hotel
DIRTY RATES
14 Corner Hotel, Richmond
DAVE DOBBYN
9 Bridge Hotel, Mildura
THE DUM & THE UGLY
11 Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, St. Kilda
DUST ON THE BIBLE
13 CUB Club, Collingwood
11:59
12 The Tote, Collingwood
EVERY BROTHERS
9 CUB Club, Collingwood
EVERY MAN & HIS DOG
14 Union Hotel, Windsor
EXTREMES
13 Telegraph Hotel, Geelong
THE FABS
11 Caseys, Hawthorn, 12 Golden Gate Hotel, Sth Melb, 13 Arnolds, Chadstone, 14 Oasis Oz, Nth Melb, 15 Golden Gate Hotel, Sth Melb (arvo)
MARTY FIELDS
9, 11 The Regent Hotel, City, 12, 14 Bush Inn Hotel, 13 Beaconsfield Hotel
THE FISH THAT JOHN WEST REJECTS
10 CUB Club, Collingwood
FRONTRUNNERS
12 Somerville Hotel, 13 Sylvania Hotel, 14 Dingley International
FUNHOUSE
13 Moreland Hotel
GERRY JAMES & THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY
9 Albion Hotel, 11 Richmond Club Hotel, 12 Edinburgh Castle, Brunswick, 13 Swan Hotel, Richmond, 15 Riverside Inn
GIMIX
12 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 13 Nicabellas, 14 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport
THE GRAND WAZOO
11 21st Century Dance Club, 13 Smith Street Bar & Bistro, 14 Flower Hotel, Port Melb
DAVE GRAY
13 The Regent Hotel, City
GURU & THE OFFSHOOTS
11 Armadale Hotel, 13 Empress of India Hotel, Fitzroy
PETER HARPER QUARTET
13 Glasshouse, Collingwood
COLIN HAY ACOUSTIC
12 Madigans
COLIN HAY BAND
11 I.D.'s, 13 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 14 Westernport Hotel
HIGH VOLTAGE
14 Yarragon Public Hall
JON HOLLAND
10, 14 The Regent Hotel, City (early), 11, 12 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 13, 14 Zacs Restaurant, 15 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
BRENDA HORIN
11, 12, 13, 14 The Regent Hotel
STEVE HOY
11 CUB Club, Collingwood
HUXTON CREEPERS
10 Nicabellas, 12 Prahran Town Hall, 13, 14 The Venue
INCREDIBLE PENGUINS
9 Nicabellas, 10 Mentone Hotel, 11 Edwards Tavern
INDIAN SUMMER
12 Lazar Melbourne
MARK 'JACKO' JACKSON
13 Golfview Hotel, Geelong, 14 Dorset Gardens Hotel
FRANK JONES & THE WHOLE TOWN
12 CUB Club, Collingwood
JOHN JUSTIN — GUEST APPEARANCE
14 Dandenong Blue Light (early), 14 Berwick Blue Light, 14 Area, Croydon (late)
KIA KAHA
14 Survival Reggae Club, Sydenham Hotel
KICK THE MOON
12 Mentone Hotel
KIDS IN THE KITCHEN
12 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 13 The Palace, 14 Forresters Arms Hotel
DIANNE KLINGER
9 The Regent Hotel
MARK LITTLE
15 The Underground, City
LIVING PROOF
12 Somerville Hotel
LONELY BOYS
11 Edwards Tavern, 12 Tankerville Arms, 13 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb, 14 Riverside Inn, Richmond
LUNCA C
15 CUB Club, Collingwood
ANDY LUTZ & ELECTRIC CO
14 Station One, Shepparton
MASS CONFUSION
13 Bell St. Rock
MATHMOS
14 Telegraph Hotel
MAYBE AN OMEN
13 Cricketers Arms Hotel
THE MELODY LORDS
13 Prince Patrick Hotel, Collingwood, 15 The Underground
MEN WITHOUT SHAME
11 Golfview Hotel, Geelong, 13 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 14 Mentone Hotel
MUNSTER TERRACE
11 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster, 13 Continental Hotel, Sorrento
NAKED CITY
14 Grainstore Tavern
THE NAZZ
14 The Underground, City
NEO CLASSIQUE
14 Royal Mail Hotel, West Melb
NEW FRONTIER (SPANIARDS)
13 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 14 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi
NITE EXCITE
14 Palm Avenue Hotel, Coburg
NOTHING SACRED
13 Bell St. Rock
N.T.T.
13 Telegraph Hotel, Geelong
NUBILES
14 Locarno Hotel

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THE OFFICE
11 The Underground
OSCAR LIKES IT
9 Zanies, City
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
12 Mentone Hotel, 13 Moreland Hotel, 14 Village Green Hotel, 15 Tallintyre Reserve
BRENT PARLANE
9 Royal Derby Hotel, Fitzroy, 11 Sporting Tavern, Ballarat, 15 Intrepid Fox, Sth Melb
BRENT PARLANE BAND
12 Lincolnshire Arms, Essendon, 13 Golden Gate Hotel, Sth melb, 14 Arnolds Nitespot, Chadstone
PARTY ANIMALS
9 Corner Hotel, Richmond
PRESSURE BROKEN
12 Stones Tavern, Frankston, 13 Station Tavern, Prahran
PRIVATE IDAHO
12 The Underground
THE PURITANS
14 Telegraph Hotel
RADIO LUXEMBOURG
12 Deakin University, 13, 14 The Venue
RAM
11 Riverside Inn
R.D.O.
13 Westernport Hotel, Hastings, 14 Sylvania Hotel, Cambellfield
THE REAL McCOYS
13 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong, 14 Q Club, Kew
ROCKET 88
14 Skinny Dog, Kew
ROCK SHOP
12 Epping Hotel
ROOM SERVICE BLUES BAND
12 Napier Hotel, Fitzroy, 13 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda, 14 St. Andrews Hotel, St. Andrews
ROUTE 66
13 Skinny Dog, Kew
ROXXON
13 Dingley International Hotel, 14 Lakes Hotel, Lakes Entrance
RUNNING BEARS
13 The Met, Nth Melb
SCARY BILL
12 Great Britain Hotel, Richmond
SCAT
14 Bensons Tavern, Richmond
NEIL SEBASTIAN
13, 14 Bensons Tavern, Richmond
SEA STORIES
11 Perserverence Hotel, Fitzroy, 13 Highbridge Hotel, Prahran
SENSATIONAL ROCKETS 88'S
12 Forresters Arms Hotel, 13 Skinny Dog Hotel, Kew, 14 Club Chevron (late)
SEPARATE TABLES
13 The Palace, 14 Village Green Hotel
SHADOW OF DOUBT
10 Perserverence Hotel, Fitzroy
S.I.C.
13 Telegraph Hotel, Geelong
SOPHISTICATED BOOM BOOM
13 The Underground, City
SOUDAN
14 The Met, Nth Melb
SOUL SHARKS
12 The Underground, City
THE STAND
9 Corner Hotel, Richmond
STARTING WITH A
13 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 14 Warehouse, Richmond (early) 14 Buzz Club (late)
STEAK KANE
11 Duke of Edinburgh, St Kilda
THE STEROID BROS
13 21st Century Dance Club
CHRIS STOCKLEY
11 CUB Club, Collingwood
STONE CIRCUS
11 Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, St Kilda, 14 Prince of Wales
SUBURBAN PROWL
14 Moreland Hotel
SWINGING SIDEWALKS
12 Q Club, Kew
TARAMIS
13 Bell St. Rock
TEACHERS PETS
11 Central Hotel, Brighton, 12 Royal Hotel, Drouin, 13 Post Office Hotel, Coburg, 14 Club Westside, Laverton, 15 Sundowner Hotel, Geelong
TEMPLE OF BOOM
12 The Met, Nth Melb
13 AT MIDNIGHT
12 Corner Hotel, Richmond
THIS WAY THAT
13 Epping Hotel
TIGRESS
12 Waltzing Hotel, 13 Lindhurst Hotel, Brunswick, 14 Railway Hotel, Sunbury, 15 Pier Hotel, Port Melb
TRADE SECRETS
13 Ferntree Gully Hotel
THE TRIMMER
13 Flight Deck, Essendon Airport, 14 Nicabellas, 15 Tankerville Arms
TURBO LUV NUNS
11 Q Club, Kew, 13 Bridge Hotel, Mordialloc, 14 Ocean Grove Hotel
TWO TIMERS
15 The Regent Hotel, City
URBAN PRINCIPLE
12 Corner Hotel, Richmond
VACATION IN HARLEM
15 Skinny Dog, Kew
VENICE BEACH
15 The Underground
WHO CARES
11 Corner Hotel, Richmond
ANDREW WILLIAMS
11 Station Tavern & Brewery, Prahran, 15 Tigers Head Hotel, Nth Melb
BRIAN WOOD
9 Town Hall Hotel, Sth Melb, 10 Regent Hotel, City, 11 Caffe Venice, Sth Yarra, 12 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 13 Eltham Tavern
X
13 Prince of Wales Hotel, St Kilda, 14 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong
YOGI GOES BEAR
13 Q Club, Kew
ZZAZZ
11 Great Western Hotel, Geelong, 12 Trackers Inn, Sth Yarra, 13 Rock Junction, Newport, 14 Highway Inn, Pakenham

Sth. Aust.

ALL FIRED UP
9 Royal Admiral Hotel
ALMOST HUMAN
12 Bridgeway Hotel
THE BEATINGS
15 Amphitheatre
BILLY & THE REDFINS
14 Royal Admiral Hotel
BIRDMAN PARADOXYL
15 Cargo Club
BLOODLOSS
12 Century Hotel
BRENTON & POLLY
13, 14 Colonnades Tavern
CHAD ROMERO 5
15 Cargo Club
CHRYSALIDS
11 Century Hotel
CLIFF & THE HANGOVERS
13, 14 Duke of York (late)
COBY
14 Payneham Tavern
DANDELION WINE
13 Century Hotel
DELAYED REACTION
14 Bridgeway Hotel
GENE DE WILDE
14 Adelaide Festival Centre
DISSY HEIGHTS
10 Magill Institute
DAVE DOBBYN
11, 12 Tivoli
THE FABULOUS CASUAL T'S
11 Griffins-Head Tavern
FADED BLUE
13 Century Hotel
FALL OF SINGAPORE
9, 10, 12, 13, 14 Adelaide Festival Centre
CHRIS FINNEN EXPERIENCE
13 Reepham Hotel
BRENDAN FITZGERALD
12 Adelaide Fest Centre
GET SMART
12 Griffinshead Tavern
GONDWANALAND
11 Uni of New England, 13 Grafton Ex Services Club
GUMBO YA YA
14 Hot Gossip
HARD ROAD
12 Colonnades, 13 Bridgeway Hotel
GREG HART
11 Hackney Hotel
RON HASHIM
12 Hackney Hotel
THE IMMEDIATES
13 Austral Hotel
JOE FISH & THE CHIPS
11 Lennies Tavern
CORALIE JOY
14 Adelaide Festival Centre
KATZ CURIO
11, 12 Tivoli Hotel
KENT
10 Century Hotel
KYM TILL
10 Adelaide Festival Centre
LIZARDMEN
12 Century Hotel
LOOK SHARP
15 Austral Hotel
MARK OF CAIN
13 Century Hotel
MARTYN & LYONS
10 Lennies Tavern, 13 Hackney Hotel
THE NAZZ
12 Lennies Tavern, 15 Bridgeway Hotel, 14 Brittania Hotel
KYM NEWMAN
12 Century Hotel
PEMBOS RADIO SHOW BAND
15 Bridgeway Hotel
THE PENNY ROCKETS
13 Adelaide Festival Ctre
PEPPERNOOT
11 Century Hotel
THE PODS
10 Century Hotel
KATHY RENNER
13 Adelaide Festival Ctre
REPLAY
13 Bridgeway Hotel
RHYTHM SECTION
13 Cargo CLub
ROB & JOHNNO
9 Lennies Tavern
ROCKMELONS
14 Adelaide Uni Bar
THE SAINTS
13 Institute of Technology, 14, 15 Tivoli Hotel
SCREAMING BELIEVERS
13 Century Hotel
SNAKIE & THE RATTLERS
15 Arkaba Hotel
SOMETHING ON SATURDAY
14 Adelaide Festival Ctre
SO WHAT
10 Royal Admiral Hotel
THE SQUIDS
15 Lennies Tavern
SUGG VANCE QUARTET
12 Cargo Club
TOO MANY CATS
13 Royal Admiral Hotel, 14 Austral Hotel
URBAN LOVE SONGS
9 Century Hotel
VERTICAL SMILE
13 Duke of York
WHOLLY SMOKE
11 Maylands Hotel
PAT WILSON
11 Festival Centre

West Aust.

DAVE DOBBYN
13 Warwick Hotel, 14 Old Melbourne Hotel, 15 Cargos Freemantle
JOHNNY DIESEL & THE INJECTORS
15 Old Melbourne Hotel
ED KUEPPER & THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
11 Club Limbos, 13 Old Melbourne Hotel, 14 Shenton Park Hotel, 15 Beaconsfield Tavern
SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
11 FM Club, 12 The Generator, 13 Captain Cook Hotel, 14 Sunnybank Hotel

Queensland

THE HUMMINGBIRDS
11 Powerhouse, 12 Galaxy, 13 The Roxy
INDECENT OBSESSION
14 The Patch
THE SPLIFFS
11 The Outpost, 13 The Roxy, 15 The Patch

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LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO
May 19, 20: World Expo, Brisbane
May 21: Sydney Entertainment Centre
May 23: Dallas Brooks Hall, Melbourne
May 30: Canberra Theatre, Canberra
May 31: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
June 1: Festival Theatre, Perth

THE BAND
June 1: Seagulls, Gold Coast
June 2: Byron Bay Arts Factory
June 3: Festival Hall, Brisbane
June 5: Cairns, Kuranda Ampitheatre
June 8: Performing Arts Centre, Darwin
June 10: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
June 13: The Palais, Melbourne
June 15: Enmore Theatre, Sydney

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN
May 31: Melbourne Concert Hall
June 1: Melbourne Concert Hall
June 2: Melbourne Conert Hall
June 4: Adelaide Convention Centre
June 5: Launceston International Velodrome
June 6: Canberra Bruce Stadium
June 7: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
June 9: Sydney Entertainment Centre

CLANNAD
May 9: Melbourne Concert Hall
May 11, 12, 13: Sydney State Theatre
May 14: Brisbane Festival Hall
May 17: Adelaide Festival Theatre
May 18: Perth Concert Hall

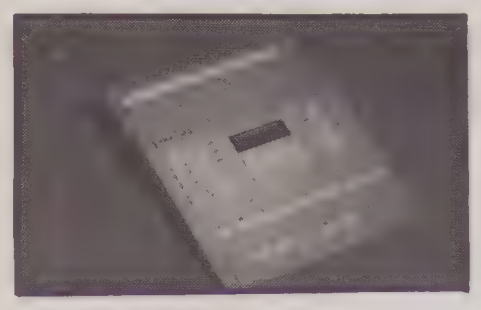
THE BATS
May 12: Prince Of Wales, Melbourne
May 13: I.D.'s, Prahran, Melbourne
May 14: Central Club, Melbourne
May 15: The Tote, Collingwood, Melbourne
May 20: Sydney Trade Union Club
May 21: North Bondi RSL Club, Sydney
May 22: Harold Park Hotel, Sydney

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

HOW TO BEAT THE DRUM MACHINE ERA

Tips from John Mellencamp's drummer Kenny Aronoff



Alesis MMt8 sequencer

"I'm not worried a bit about the new technology because there will always be a place for the drummer who plays acoustic drums," says Kenny Aronoff, the powerful drummer with John Cougar Mellencamp's touring band.

Kenny, whose drum instruction video *Layin It Down* was reviewed here a few weeks ago, agreed to talk to Bandwagon about survival in the era of the drum machine.

"The drum machine for a while was so popular — and it's still going strong — that it was replacing real drummers. And I know a lot of people who were frustrated because they weren't working.

"But now I'm getting calls to replace drum machines. What we all realise now is that a human being can react to his environment in many thousands of ways per second and a drum machine can't.

"And it's not worth going to all the trouble and expense to invent a drum machine that could.

"A drummer can come closer to sounding like a drum machine than a drum machine can come to sounding like a person."

Kenny admits that he does use drum machines in the studio when working with Mellencamp, but mainly as metronones to establish a steady beat.

In Australia, he has been using a basic rock kit composed on Tama Hardstar drums ("they blow me away"), Zildjian cymbals, Remo drum heads, American-made sticks and a D-Drum for samples that are triggered off his acoustic drums.

Kenny also uses a rim mounting system that allows his drums to be suspended in the tom-tom holders.

The man is now acknowledged to be one of rock's best timekeepers but his original intention was to become an orchestral percussionist.

"I really had two different schools of training

that sort of blended to get me where I am," he says.

"One was on the street where I played drums for any little band I could find in the clubs and the other was at a classical school where I learnt to read music, refine my discipline and understand other instruments.

"I guess the bottom line of all music is that people are different because of the influences they have in life.

"My training is pretty unusual because you don't see many orchestrally-trained rock drummers these days, although the business is definitely changing in character."

Kenny says rock n' roll has now become more of a money-making affair than just a wild expression of society.

"In the beginning, there was no money in rock but these days there are more and more people making musical decisions based on income.

"Once you had parents saying 'turn down that crap' but now parents are encouraging their kids to become musicians because there's money in the business.

"But despite all that, there's still some raw and exciting talent out there wanting to play. And that's how it should be."

Kenny hopes to return to Australia next year to hold teaching clinics.

"I'd also like to play on some sessions out here if anyone wants me to," he says.

Form a queue, fellers.

IT'S GREAT . . . ALMOST

The world has been crying out for a compact and powerful dedicated sequencer that won't break your bank balance.

And at first sight, the new Alessis MMT8 seems to be the answer to all problems. It's certainly compact and powerful (eight tracks capable of handling 16 simultaneous MIDI channels on each track) and cheap enough at around $659 to attract wide interest.

Why then, did your Bandwagon tester almost break down into a sobbing wreck when confronted with the beautiful beast?

The sad truth is that the new Alessis — for all its admittedly wonderful features — transfers data via the old and tedious tape cassette method.

And that's a great pity because, with the addition of a fast disk storage system, the Alessis would wipe most other dedicated sequencers off the market. It would be a great performance tool.

As it stands, the MMT8 dumps all its memory on to tape in over five minutes. That's far too long to stand around twiddling your thumbs and, as everyone should know by now, tape storage is not all that dependable.

Of course, you can dump via MIDI but you'd need some external storage system and who wants to carry around more gear to the gigs?

Sure, the beast has a fair bit of internal memory. But even with 100 song capacity, there is always a need to be able to store on easily accessible disk.

But enough of the bitch. What does the Alessis have going for it?

The function buttons are well laid out and it's fairly easy to record and play back a sequence without having to plough through the instruction book.

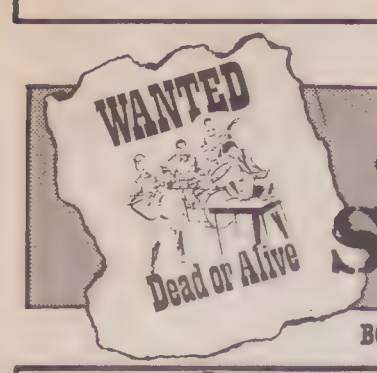
This is primarily a rock n' roll machine that is not designed to handle long pieces of music. You get nearly six minutes of recording time and after that you have to chain songs together.

You can drop in and out of Record mode and loop quite easily at any stage of a song. Quantisation is also handy, although once you use this feature you can't turn back to the original timing — something we found out after spending a long time fiddling with a track and then having to discard it after wrongly quantising. The moral of the story is to copy any track you are about to quantise.

There's also merging, transposition and filtering of MIDI events to cut down on the memory used.

The machine obviously performs well, even if it is a bit difficult to keep track of your steps via the too-small display screen on the front panel.

Next time, Alessis should fix that . . . and the dumping problem.



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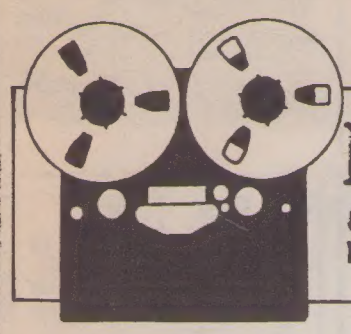

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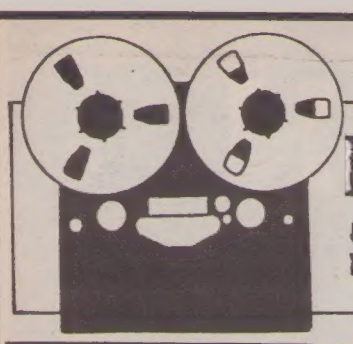

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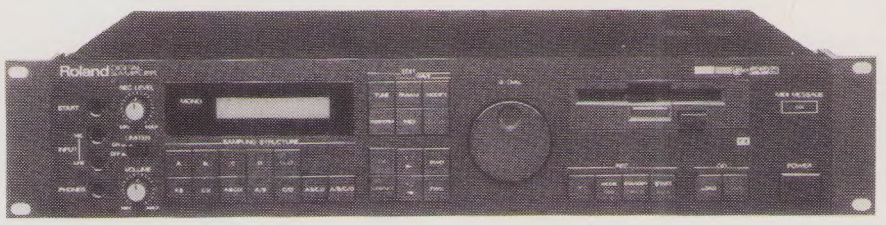

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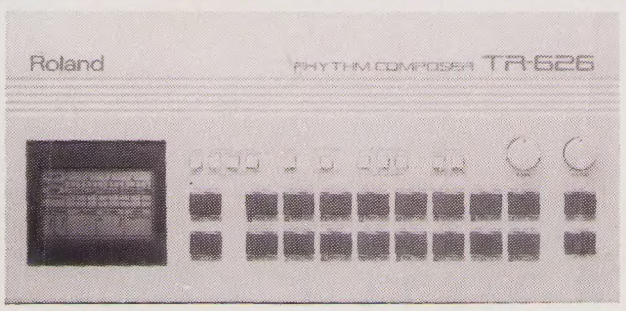

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